

Dear Old
Golden School Days...

Vol. 35 No. 19

NATIONAL REVIEW

—When Did Hobey Baker Die?

Jeffrey Hart



HOBLEY
BAKER

—But Can Juanito Really Read?

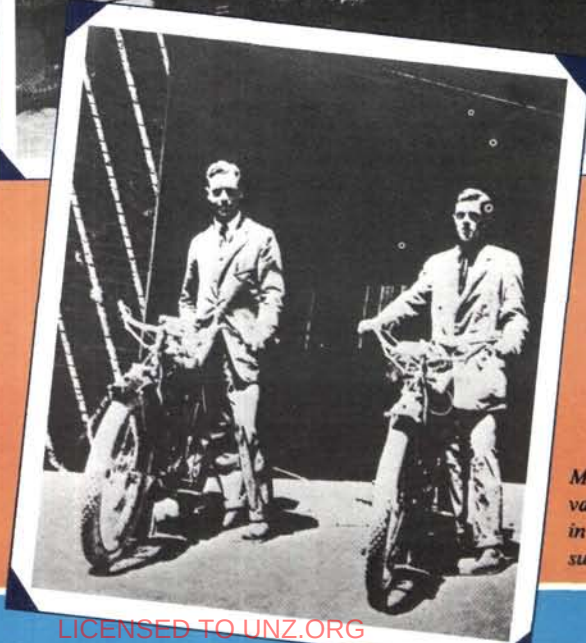
Tom Bethell

—'Right On' on the Campuses

Philip N. Marcus



*Hobey as captain
of the 1913 team*



*Motorcycle
vacation
in Europe,
summer 1914*

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MARCUS
Page 1200



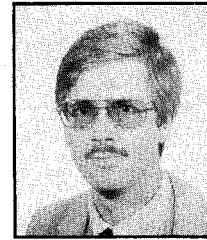
KING
Page 1202



NEUSNER
Page 1208



BENNETT
Page 1209



OLSON
Page 1214



PETERSEN
Page 1234

Back to School

1192 When Did Hobey Baker Die?

It's a good thing the football great—and compleat sportsman—can't see his alma mater today.

Jeffrey Hart

1196 But Can Juanito Really Read?

New Communist regimes always begin by eliminating a) illiteracy and b) unauthorized printed matter. Why do our own First Amendment-lovers always find this so uplifting?

Tom Bethell

1200 'Right On' on the Campuses

Conservative newspapers are springing up on the nation's campuses, and quite a few administrators aren't even trying to stamp them out.

Philip N. Marcus

Articles & Columns

1202 A Last Hurrah

Whether or not the Aussies take the America's Cup from America, an era has come to an end.

Nicholas King

1206 A Soviet Deserter Tells Why

Anatoly Zakharov could put up with officers beating and stabbing him, but he drew the line at sleeping with a sergeant.

V. Rybakov

1208 The National Endowment for the Humanities

I. The Difference William Bennett Made

Without publicity, Ronald Reagan's NEH director has brought definition, purpose, and honesty to what had been an open-ended boondoggle.

Jacob Neusner

II. A Question of Values

The director makes his case.

William J. Bennett

Books Arts & Manners

1214 Walter Olson welcomes two new books about income redistribution and its (conflicting) rationales, by Gordon Tullock. . . . Elizabeth Drew makes the case against PACs and, without realizing it, against republican government, says Thomas W. Skladony. . . . Alan L. Miller finds flaws in the conclusions of a new biography of Eugene V. Debs, all-American Socialist. . . . Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger come off badly in a calm account of the U.S. abandonment of the Republic of China, notes Ralph de Toledano. . . . Terry Teachout enjoys a new feast from consumer advocate Calvin Trillin. . . . James D. Houston tells all about *Californians*, much to the satisfaction of Lee Hopkins. . . . TV didn't tell the whole story of the latest March on Washington, complains Joseph Sobran. . . . D. Keith Mano finds he can't fool Jerry Rubin. (You remember Jerry.)

Letters	1172
For the Record	1175
The Week	1176
From Washington Straight	1188
The Protracted Conflict	1190
help	1204
Tomorrow and Tomorrow	1212
From the Continent	1213
The Right Books	1227
On the Right	1230
Trans-O-Gram	1234

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor



NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc. at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1983. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: \$29.00 a year (26 issues). Add \$6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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Letters

Understanding Chile

Mr. Sjaastad's article, "What Went Wrong in Chile" [Sept. 16], gives an interesting overview of the situation there. Most of us were not in a position to examine the statistics behind the rhetoric, so we accepted as fact the assertion that Chile had made a thorough experiment with free-market economics. Recent events have been discouraging, and it is enlightening to learn that the problem is not a failure of economic liberalism. Just one objection: I wish he hadn't mentioned that "Chileans have not yet attributed the 1981-82 recession in the U.S. (and much of the rest of the world) to excessive economic liberalism"—we don't want to give them any ideas.

Silas Grove
New Canaan, Conn.

Far from Frozen

Writing about the Dartmouth Senior Symposium ["The Anti-Nuke Campus Trail," Aug. 19] Dinesh D'Souza claims that my speech there represented the "middle of the road" approach. Perhaps so. But just for the record, let me assure all concerned that I did *not* support—or even fail to decry—the nuclear-freeze movement.

Let me explain. As Mr. D'Souza points out, I was a lonely voice on a panel of four speakers; the other three were all ardent and single-minded proponents of the freeze. I don't like one-sided contests (which is one reason why I don't fancy the freeze, incidentally), so I chose a rhetorical flank attack. Rather than argue the merits and demerits of the freeze while thus outnumbered, I dismissed the freeze as "a thoroughly phony issue," and went on to more interesting questions.

Specifically, I pointed out that 1) Congress would not pass a binding freeze resolution; 2) the Reagan Administration would not play along with congressional grandstanding; and 3) since the Soviet Union never allows adequate verification of arms-control treaties, a "mutual, verifiable" freeze is a pipe dream. And anyway, a freeze would leave us with all the same problems we face today. Therefore, I wondered aloud why anyone even bothers to discuss it. In short, I refused to play my adversaries' game; I refused to take the freeze seriously. If that makes me a closet moderate, I plead guilty.

Philip F. Lawler
President, American Catholic Conference
Washington, D.C.

The Kindest Amendment

I've just had a chance to read Tom Beth-

ell's piece on the pending immigration reform bill ["Immigration and the Economy," July 8].

I'm disappointed that Mr. Bethell has apparently bought the AFL-CIO argument that the optional-paperwork amendment added to the House Judiciary Committee bill by Representative Tom Kindness "watered down the employer-sanctions provision so much that entrepreneurs will not . . . have to take it upon themselves to police the immigration laws."

Without the Kindness amendment, employers with more than three employees would be required to verify the employment eligibility of every new employee and to keep a verification form for each employee on file for at least three years.

The mandatory verification procedures were originally put into the legislation by Senator Simpson and Representative Mazzoli—the chief Senate and House sponsors—to protect against the possibility of discrimination against foreign-looking individuals. This was never intended to be an enforcement tool.

Mazzoli, for one, was persuaded by Kindness's arguments. He spoke in favor of and voted for the amendment during Judiciary Committee markup.

The Kindness amendment, if anything, will result in more effective enforcement of the immigration reform law. At the same time, it drastically reduces the ill effects of yet another well-intended but flawed solution to a serious national problem.

G. John Tysse
Director, Labor Law
U.S. Chamber of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

I thought I had made it clear that I regarded the amendment as an act of Kindness. I like it. Now, alas, the House Education and Labor Committee has again amended the bill, this time re-establishing the presumption that employers are culpable if they hire illegal aliens. The bill is also said to be in some trouble, at this writing. Let it die, I say. —TB

Taiwan's Triumph

It is bitterly ironic, is it not, that the Taiwanese ["Miracle on Taiwan," by Ralph de Toledano, Aug. 19] have pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps in the past 33 years to enjoy today a robust and optimistic way of life—doing so by adhering to the very principles that once made our nation so thrivingly unique—while during the same period we have steadily discarded those sound principles to the

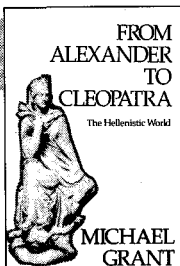
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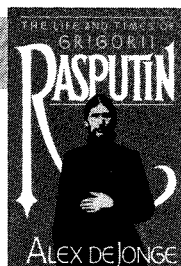
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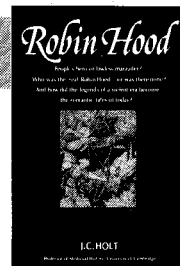
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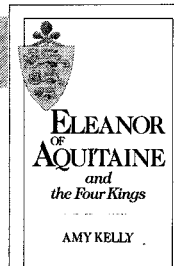
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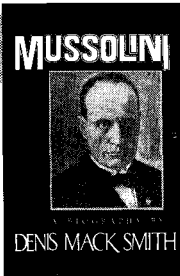
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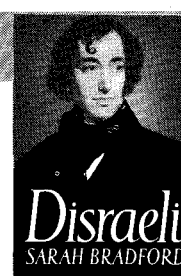
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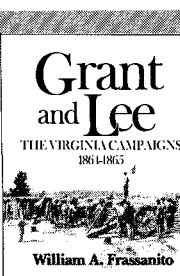
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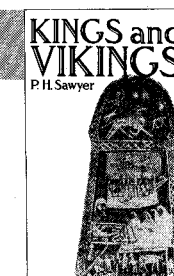
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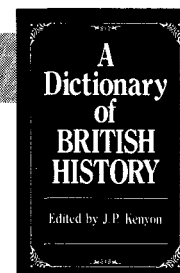
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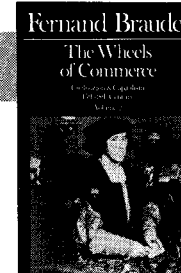
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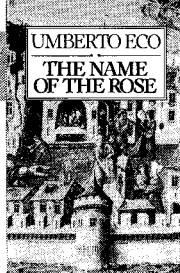
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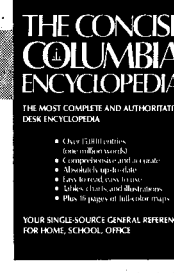
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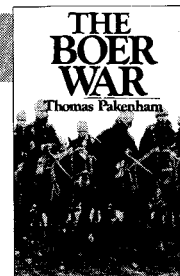
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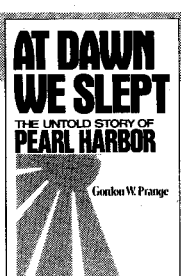
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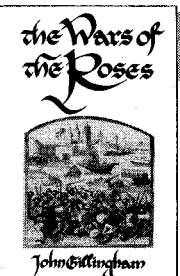
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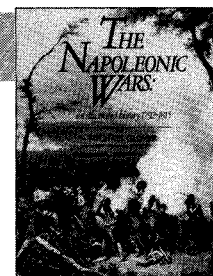
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point where we are socially corrupt, failing economically, and militarily moribund.

John G. Fifield
Abilene, Tex.

Russians in Print

Brian Crozier, in "The Burial of Détente?" [July 8], discusses the supposed cessation of translation of Soviet "text-books" instituted by the Air Force during Major General George Keegan's tenure as director of Air Force Intelligence. To paraphrase the late Samuel Clemens: The news of the suspension of the "Soviet Military Thought" series has been greatly exaggerated.

The Air Force has not suspended publication of these translations, and, in fact, the office whose responsibility it is to produce these books has added two other continuing publications to its output: another book series that serves as a vehicle for Western students of Soviet military affairs and a periodical devoted to a detailed study of Soviet military terminology. You will be interested to note that the most recent item in the new series is a two-volume collection of Soviet military writings compiled in part by Joseph D. Douglass, whom Mr. Crozier mentions as "one of the best-informed American students of Soviet war doctrine."

We would encourage your readers not to be deterred by Mr. Crozier's erroneous statement, but to visit a Government Printing Office bookstore or inquire about the publication through the Superintendent of Documents. Just released is *The Command and Staff of the Soviet Army Air Force in the Great Patriotic War 1941-1945*; soon to come out are *Fundamentals of Tactical Command and Control* and *The Soviet Armed Forces*. Also now being prepared for publication is a collection of reports given at an Air Force conference on "The Soviet Union: What Lies Ahead?"

Richard F. Abel
Brigadier General, USAF
Director of Public Affairs
Department of the Air Force
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Crozier Replies

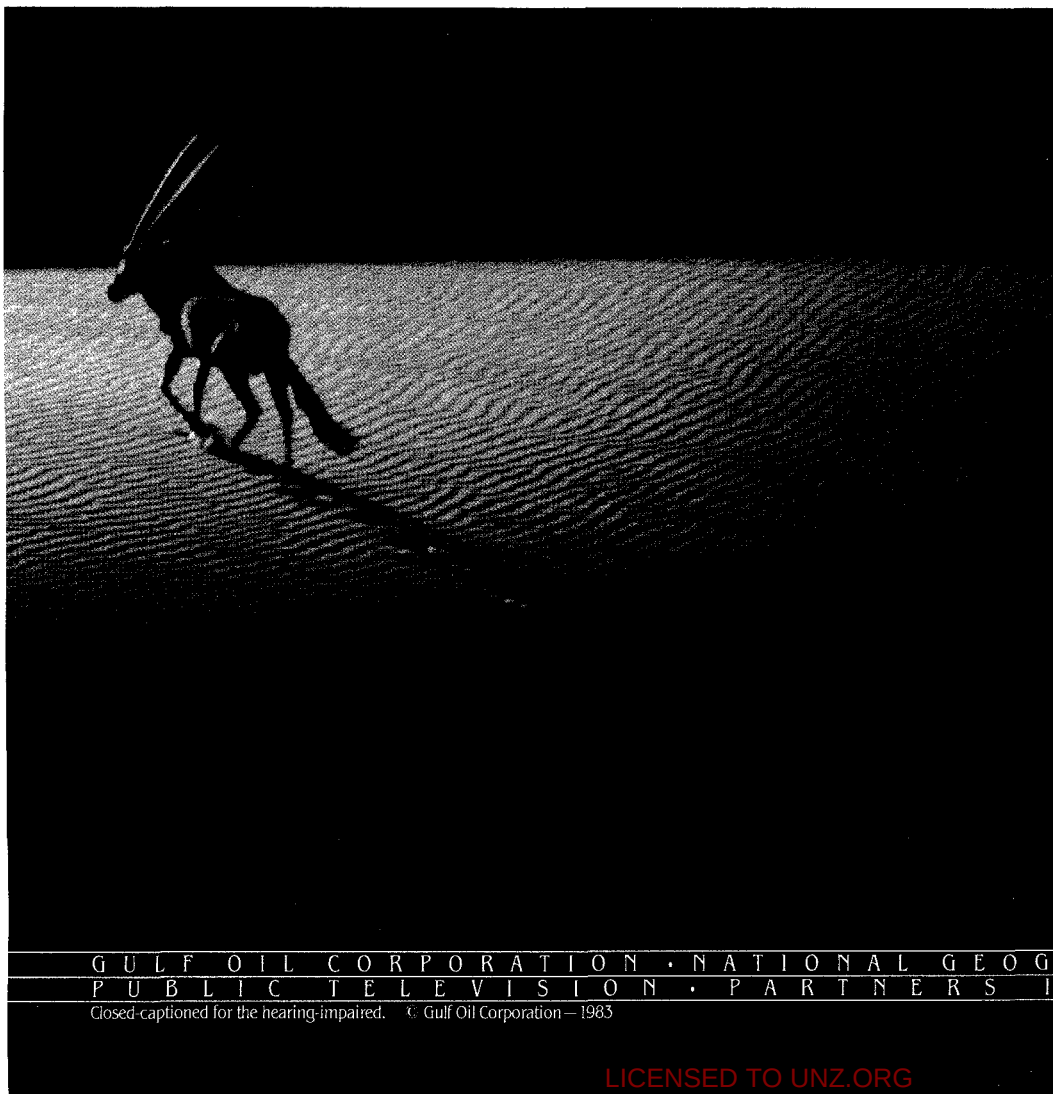
General Abel's letter is perhaps technically accurate, but it is also seriously misleading. Since receiving a copy of his letter, I have been doing some in-depth research on the matter and offer the following comments:

1. After General Keegan's departure as head of U.S. Air Force Intelligence, publication of translated Soviet texts did continue, but a) was reduced to a trickle; and b) consisted for the most part of low-grade material of no great interest.

2. The reason (or pretext) for this dramatic change was the Soviets' decision in 1973, to adhere to the Universal Copyright Convention. (The important material previously published had all been issued before 1973.) The real reason, it may be ventured, was to avoid giving offense to the Soviets in the interest of détente.

In fact, as General James L. Brown, who succeeded General Keegan, has stated, publication of post-1973 texts could have been made on a restricted "government-only basis," but this option seems to have been very sparingly used. An important example of Soviet use of the copyright weapon was Moscow's refusal in March 1977 to allow the USAF to publish Admiral Gorshkov's book *Sea Power of the State*.

It is perhaps not realized widely enough that General Keegan had made an outstanding contribution to public enlightenment on the Soviet Union's real intentions, as distinct from its propaganda line. All credit to Walter Hahn of the U.S. Strategic Institute, and Joseph Douglass, for their continuing work in this field. Outstanding work has also been done by Professor Albert L. Weeks, Amoretta Hoeber, John J. Dziak, William F. Scott, and others too numerous to mention.



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Said Speaker **Tip O'Neill** right after President **Reagan's** speech on the KAL massacre: The Soviets may have guaranteed congressional approval of the MX, which was "in deep trouble before this." . . . Last Tuesday, the Senate passed a \$185.5 billion defense budget, including the MX and a new nerve-gas production program, 83 to 8. Same day, appropriations for Radio **Martí**, which will broadcast an additional 14 hours to Cuba daily, flew through by voice vote after being held up a year. . . . Reagan was applauded by *Washington Post* political columnist **David Broder** for having demonstrated "Jacksonian" (as in **Scoop**) qualities of "steadiness, strength, and clarity at a time when we needed them most." . . . Implacably liberal columnist **Mary McGrory**, in possibly toughest anti-Soviet column she has ever written, asked whether **Andropov** doesn't seem to be acting as "chairman of Reagan's re-election committee." . . . Even **Walter Mondale** said an anti-Soviet word. . . . Rep. **Samuel Stratton** (D., N.Y.) urged the Democratic leadership and liberals in Congress to "put away the rose-colored glasses that [they] have been viewing the Russians with." . . . Voice of America beefed up its coverage into the USSR as best it could, which wasn't very good given it has only six 500-kilowatt superpower transmitters—Britain has eight, Germany nine, France 11. . . . That narrow Security Council vote condemning the Soviet outrage should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with UN voting patterns. Take as a base line that 20 per cent of the time even the Soviet bloc votes with the U.S. (They both, for instance, deplored the death of **Albert Schweitzer**). So how do other nations stand? Our NATO allies pretty well: They support the U.S. 68 to 80 per cent of the time; but how about our Latin American "friends"? **Chile** supports us just 35 per



Langdon, *Punch*

"We've time to iron the bugs out—it's not as though the Europeans are exactly screaming out for them."

cent, **El Salvador** 33 per cent, **Mexico** 20 per cent. Other allies and beneficiaries: **India** votes with the U.S. 17 per cent, **Pakistan** 29. At the bottom of hate-America list are **Albania**, 8.8, **Grenada**, 9.3, **Cuba** 10.5 per cent.

■ The only Democratic presidential candidate present and voting on the defense budget in the Senate was **Fritz Hollings** (S.C.) who joined Democrats **Kennedy**, **Tsongas**, **Leahy**, **Levin**, **Metzenbaum**, **Pell**, and **Proxmire** in opposing it. . . . First reading on **George McGovern's** entry into the Democratic steeplechase is that he will help fragment already fragmented liberal vote (Mondale, **Cranston**, **Hart**), and therefore help Glenn. McGovern's timing was, as usual, awful. The day Reagan

spoke to the nation on 007, a McGovern interview with **T. R. Reid** appeared in *Washington Post*, in which McGovern said: "We ought to be very thankful that this man **Andropov** seems to be a reasonable guy and somewhat restrained [given that] the Reagan-Weinberger approach is one of intense confrontation." . . . In other races: **Kathy McDonald**, Rep. **Larry McDonald's** widow will almost certainly win his seat. . . . In Texas, the smart money is now on Rep. **Phil Gramm**, the Boll Weevil who changed parties when the Democratic leadership sought to punish him. He is said to have best chance to retain **John Tower's** seat for the Republicans next year. Also running is conservative Texas Rep. **Ron Paul**, a libertarian whose American Security Council rating is 10 to Gramm's 100 per cent.

■ Keeping the pressure up: Former Internal Security chief counsel **Robert Morris** held a set of hearings in New York last week during which Afghanistan expert **Rosanne Klass** testified that there have been one million deaths in Afghanistan since the Soviet invasions and that one-fourth of the entire population—4.5 million people—now lives in exile. . . . Freedom House (20 West 40 St., NYC 10018) is pushing up its publication of **Max Kampelman's** tough speeches at the Madrid Conference. Kampelman is the U.S. spokesman in Madrid. . . . **Richard Bishirjian's** World News Institute will be ready to air its new cable television programs on Central America, Soviet military superiority, Japanese commercial superiority and its effects, this fall. Boston newscaster **Avi Nelson** will be the anchor.

■ A year later, **Jorge Luis Borges** has come up with this description of the Falklands war: It was like two bald men fighting for a comb.

THE WEEK

■ During the same KAL 007 week, East German guards shot down a young man trying to cross the Sacred Socialist Border, at that part of it called the Berlin Wall. Crossing Sacred Socialist Borders is a death sentence no matter which way you're going.

■ It is certainly a step up to have the likes of Andrew Cockburn concede the "thuggish" mentality of the Soviets (before slithering off to subjects more to his liking). Few paid much attention when Soviet dissident Andrei Amalrik observed, a while back, "Neither Americans nor Europeans realize that the Soviet leaders have the mentality of thugs." Perhaps even that is too dignified for them. Suzanne Garment, in the *Wall Street Journal*, characterized to perfection the Soviets' thinking about their territory: "Mine. Not yours. Boom, you're dead."

■ James Watt got wind that the Audubon Society was raking in a few bucks by allowing oil and gas operations at its Rainey wildlife sanctuary in Louisiana. So he fired off a letter to the Society (his implacable enemy) complimenting it on its wise mixture of land uses at Rainey and urging it to go national with its newfound policy. The Society sniffed, and replied that *it* knew what *it* was doing, but only disaster could ensue if the feds tried to do the identical thing. Which, given the history of all governmental intervention, is not an unreasonable position. Watt's next move should be to subcontract all petroleum exploration on federal parklands to the Audubon Society. Or the Sierra Club. They're so smart, let 'em bid for the business.

■ Everyone knows the story (alas, apocryphal) of the Florida politician who accused his opponent of being an extrovert, a nepotist, and the brother of a thespian. Technically, it was all true, but the peckerwoods misunderstood it, as it was intended they should. The extroverts and nepotists of the nuclear-power industry are LERs—licensee event reports. By law, every plant must report any unusual occurrence to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission; thousands of reports come in every year. Analyzing them leads to improvements in operation and design. The commission passes all information on to the industry, to Congress, and to any private person who wants it. "An LEF," in the words of the Atomic Industrial Forum, "does not represent an accident any

more than a worn tire represents a blowout." But periodically some sharp-eyed reporter takes note and produces a canned story on an industry pullulating with mishaps. Suppose someone counted all the times the press pursued bad leads? (Suppose someone counted all the times the press wrote bad stories?)

■ Federal "income transfer" programs rose from \$283 billion in 1980 to \$408 billion this year, with worse to come. That means about one dollar in eight is forcibly confiscated from earners and pumped to non-earners. Social Security/Medicare alone extracts \$10,000 a year from every working couple, and that figure will soar in the next few years now that the system has been "saved" again.

■ The ultimate price of the Agriculture Department's payment-in-kind (PIK) program—instead of paying farmers not to plant, the government gives farmers surplus grains, rice, and cotton that they can sell or feed to their livestock—cannot yet be estimated, but consider: 27 per cent of the nation's cornland was idled, along with lesser but still large amounts of land in other crops. The government's current prediction for this year's harvest (also hurt by weather): corn, down a staggering 38 per cent; soybeans, down 19 per cent; wheat, down 14 per cent; cotton, down 35 per cent. Which means: much higher food and clothing prices ahead. Which no doubt will prompt vast demands for more federal slops for the hard pressed. It will also probably send the Cost of Living Index up, triggering huge COLA increases in Social Security and other indexed "entitlement" programs.

■ Hats off, everybody, to Susie White of Steele, North Dakota, owner of the Lone Steer Restaurant. When the Department of Labor wanted to investigate her employment practices, she yelled for her lawyer. Her lawyer asked the feds to specify the scope of their proposed investigation. The feds failing so to specify, Susie slammed the door in their faces. They fell back, regrouped, and returned to the at-

Raising Cain for Korea

We had a good time barking;
Our hackles stand erect.
Saliva on our fearful fangs
Is dripping for effect.
We've pawed the ground intensely
And made our tail stay still,
But no one's scared, except perhaps
For Fritz, who's looking ill.

W. H. VON DREELE

When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

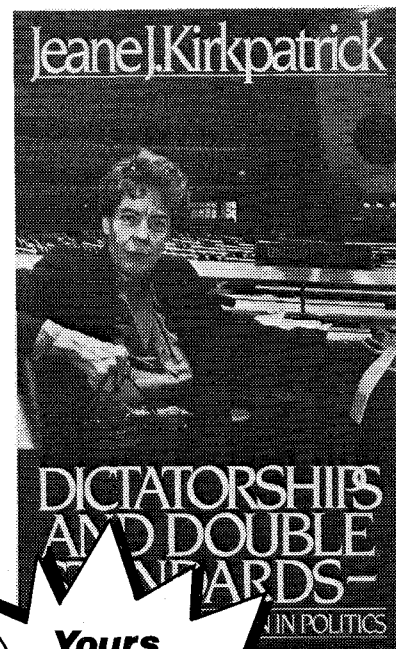
"How can it be," asks Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, "that persons so deeply committed to the liberation of South Vietnam and Cambodia... were so little affected by the enslavement that followed their liberation? Why are Western liberals — who often are such smart people — such slow learners about Communism?" Our outspoken UN Ambassador answers this riddle in one of the most searching critiques of liberalism since Burnham's *Suicide of the West*.

Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

Small wonder, when she says things like...

★ How the liberals consistently help Marxists get power in the Third World. The media's role. ★ Disaster, thy name is Jimmy. A comprehensive review of the wreck Carter left. ★ The difference between Communists and autocrats. Why the U.S. can properly help the latter, but not the former. ★ The Soviets in Cuba: dug in far deeper than most realize. ★ The *real* problem in El Salvador (knee-jerk liberals haven't even scented it). ★ The fatal flaw of every liberal. ★ Is there a silent majority of conservatives? ★ How the McGovern reforms infected the *Republican* Party. ★ What happens when a nation turns its back on tradition. ★ The famous essay that caught President-to-be Reagan's eye.

If the feisty UN Ambassador had simply run through the dismal leftist track record, that would make this a valuable book. But she takes us inside the liberal mind. Her warning: It's a wrecking ball, and it's swinging wildly, out of control.



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Did you ever dream you'd hear our Ambassador to the UN saying the unmentionable?

- ✓ "Our times seem especially hospitable to bad ideas, probably because, in throwing off the shackles of tradition, we have left ourselves especially vulnerable to untried nostrums and untested theories."
- ✓ "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- ✓ "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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tack, this time armed with an "administrative subpoena," which almost any fed can issue *ad lib* without benefit of judiciary. Susie, counterpunching, cited a 1978 case where another agency (the Occupational Safety and Health Administration) had tried that bluff but was gunned down by the Supreme Court. So now it's off to the Supreme Court with Susie herself, in *Donovan v. Lone Steer, Inc.*, to find out whether U.S. citizens still have any right to privacy under the Fourth Amendment, or whether the mere existence of a federal regulation overrides all the barriers these last few centuries of common law have set up against unreasonable and unwarranted search and seizure.

■ Britain's Trades Union Congress is beginning to embrace reality (the outgoing president, Frank Chapple, addressing a TUC convention, said, "We will have to stop wishing that the world was like it once was and face up to what it is"). Reality includes the most basic of failures: Membership has been dwindling by 500,000 per year since 1980. People have noticed that unemployment is worst in unionized industries. Members are more and more reluctant to strike. "Sympathy" strikes are outlawed. Mrs. Thatcher annihilated the Left in the last election and is good for another five years. Heavy-industry unions are declining while service-industry unions are gaining; service industries tend to have more "conservative" constituencies. Hence the conservative wing of the TUC took control of the governing council at the recent convention in Blackpool, and the path is now cleared for discussions between the government and the TUC as to collaborating for the good of all, an invitation to what the old-time radicals would have called treason. The old alliance of labor and Fabian Socialism has now been whipped by the grand original Fabian maneuverer, which is simply the world as it is. Reality never picks a fight. And in the long run it never loses.

■ If the government of Chile is in trouble, it would be a mistake, given our history of interventionism in Latin America, for us to attempt to destabilize it further. Like it or not, the Pinochet regime is a reality, and it is too late for us either to impose our system of values on others or to suppress the legitimate aspirations of indigenous governments. Our foreign relations should be governed by pragmatism rather than a Manichean, black-and-white ideology. See? We can talk liberalese too. Pass the mouthwash.

■ Michael Kramer of *New York* magazine has visited Latin America and discovered a few things about the Sandinistas you don't usually hear in the media. He makes no pretense that the regime is anything but a Communist dictatorship. Criticism of the state can earn you a prison term. Participation is a must

—really: "You must be actively with the revolution," says the editor of *Barricada*, Managua's version of *Pravda*. "To be neutral is to be against." To make sure you are "with," there are secret-police informers, Castro-style, on every block. There are shortages, rationing, and, of course, corruption, with army officers getting first grab at everything. The regime lies incessantly, as it lied all along about its "pluralism." Kramer quotes numerous Sandinista biggies boasting years ago that their "alliance of convenience" with non-Communists was "exclusively tactical." The idea that Ronald Reagan has driven the Sandinistas leftward is, says Kramer, "the greatest myth about Nicaragua."

■ Raise glasses, please, for the *New Criterion*, which just turned the robust age of one. The conservative cultural and artistic journal led off its birthday issue with an essay by editor Hilton Kramer on creative history at *Partisan Review*. (It appears that the editors of that once-significant journal have issued an anthology of past articles that scants *PR's* anti-Stalinist Fifties, and slights its role in the modernist movement in the arts.) It was to fill the need for just such distinctions that the *New Criterion* was founded. We look forward to the second birthday party.

■ Communist military dictator Jaruzelski met a delegation of U.S. lawmakers, led by Representative Clarence Long (D., Md.), and graciously assured them he would not permit them to see Lech Walesa. Representative Long, in reply, graciously promised the dictator that if he could persuade the Polish people that they have human rights, "you'll have no trouble with the U.S. Congress. That I guarantee." That, dear reader, is a bribe. Terms: If the Polish Communist military dictatorship will pretend to look a bit less obnoxious, the U.S. Congress promises to abuse its own citizens' property rights with more taxes for the payola. Amount: undisclosed, but large.

■ Poland has held its first beauty contest in 25 years, and will send the first Soviet-bloc entrant to the Miss World contest since the Russians entered a comely tractor in 1971. The proceedings featured jokes about meat shortages, Communist propaganda, and government figures that left the audience in tears. Miss World representatives criticized the pageant directors for having the girls do "sinuous" dances in skimpy bikinis. The Polish sponsors replied that they had to use skimpy bikinis because of the serious cloth shortage.

■ "Today, reading Miss Steinem's essays, written over two decades and collected for the first time, one is struck by their intelligence, restraint, and common sense . . ." One learns, for example, "of the parallel between Hitler's ideas and those of 'our own cur-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The President's handling of the Korean jetliner crisis adds up to a short-term (but renewable) political plus for Mr. Reagan, according to White House mavens. Although their private polls shortly after his Labor Day TV address showed that the American public, by a 2 to 1 margin, wished the President had been tougher with the Soviets, the polls also showed that Americans approved the speech 2 to 1. The cool and steady leadership shown by the President will enhance his appeal for lots of voters, it is felt, especially among women moderates. The White House also expects the MX to have a smooth passage through both Houses of Congress, and the defense budget to gain beyond what the Hill would otherwise have approved—two powerful, long-term effects that Mr. Reagan can point to when the 1984 presidential campaign gets into full swing.

The New Right castigated the President, charging him with pusillanimity toward the Soviets, but six visiting key parliamentarians (from Britain, Belgium, West Germany, France, Italy, and the Netherlands) helped turn aside its wrath by revealing that the KAL 007 incident had two broad effects in Europe: One, it has derailed the freeze movement (except the hard core) and, two, it has produced an atmosphere of fitful fright. The logic behind the fear is that if the Soviets are capable of executing this kind of subhuman deed, would they not also be capable of launching SS-20s at our homelands? Let us, then, brethren, not rock the boat. So the MPs were delighted with Mr. Reagan's controlled, far-reaching response, especially Bundestag member Peter Petersen, who is Helmut Kohl's

John Tower. Ad hoc sanctions (like rupturing the Geneva talks), said Petersen, would have dropped the temperature of the cold war several degrees and caused further resistance to the installation of the nuclear-warhead missiles. Public opinion polls in West Germany have been running heavily against the seven-minutes-from-Moscow, unstoppable Pershings, the deployment of which is the best punishment for the wicked Soviet leadership.

■ A poll in mid-September (taken August 18 through 22) discerned what Lou Harris calls the first signals of "a massive Democratic sweep in 1984." For the time being, the White House is discounting this conclusion, stressing that although there is "no margin for campaign error" next year, the election will go Ronald Reagan's way, with Dutch winning by 1 to 2 per cent. The race will be much closer to the '68 and '76 elections, not the big wins of '72 and '80.

Critical to the appraisal is the expected ten million new voters in 1984. Composed chiefly of younger citizens, minorities, and women, this assemblage is not, it may be said, hot for Mr. Reagan. To counter the registration hype that is producing the voter surge (notably Jesse Jackson's) the President's men are looking to Hispanics (thanks to his blitz, the President's Hispanic rating is back to a plus 30 per cent) and to a conservative new-voter registration drive engineered by fundamentalist religious bodies.

Barbara Honegger, the disgruntled Munchkin from the Department of Justice who did her best to make Mr. Reagan's gender gap a gulf, caused some short-term damage to the President, say White House advisors, reinforcing certain existing negatives. But even before

her hurricane had run its course, Miss Honegger had discredited herself by leaving the impression of being unstable (she experiences visions and parapsychological "states") and opportunistic (telling Republican women that she would be glad to go back to work for the Wizard), the net result being that at this stage everyone has walked away from her.

■ The killer question is whether the Republicans will hold the Senate, there being five to eight vulnerable incumbencies. The race to watch is in the state of Washington, this November 8, when the appointed Republican successor to the revered Henry M. Jackson, ex-Governor Daniel J. Evans, will seek to hold the seat in a special election. The White House is trying to prevent a collection of well-intentioned but benighted conservatives from mounting a primary challenge to the liberal Evans, and in so doing divide the party and prevent Evans's win. If Evans loses his seat, a lot of Democratic PACs will be motivated to challenge Republican incumbents harder, and to recruit more effectively. Their promises of committee chairmanships and other cushy adjuncts that go with Senate control will ring more plausibly in the ear.

Contrary to rumors, both Senators Charles Percy and Pete Domenici will run for re-election, we hear. Percy is in trouble politically, but Domenici is considered safe (and in good health after a bout this past summer with a small malignant lung tumor that was wholly removed from the former three-pack-a-day smoker). Mark Hatfield is expected to run, but his decision is not quite certain. If he does step down, the White House admits, it will be hard pressed to retain the Senate. —CATO

rent right wing.'" From a review in the September 4 issue of the *New York Times Book Review*, by Diane Johnson, author of *Dashiell Hammett: A Life*. Well, perhaps from the perspective of Dashiell Hammett, a Communist, Reagan and Hitler are indistinguishable, except that Reagan, unlike Hitler, would never make a pact with the Soviet Union.

■ *Yale University v. The Yale Literary Magazine* goes at last to trial. The university, dismayed by the prospect of sharing its name with a conservative journal, wanted the monicker back. The *Lit* struck first, suing to keep the university's cotton-pickin' hands off. Documents to be introduced in court will show

that members of the Yale bureaucracy conceded that the arrangement was perfectly legal, and the name legitimately acquired, only to be overruled by an axe-grinding administration. Maybe the judge, by way of restitution, can instruct the Yale Glee Club to sing "Let the *Yale Lit* be the *Yale Lit*."

■ Martina Navratilova, the Open Champion and the dominant player in women's tennis, sought asylum in the United States in 1975 and is now a U.S. citizen. "I had tears in my eyes," she said in an interview after defeating Chris Evert Lloyd in the final. "If they had played the national anthem like they do at the Olympics, then I'd have broken down for sure."

Meanwhile Ivan Lendl, whom Jimmy Connors turned into a bounced Czech in the men's final, has two homes in the U.S. but is reported to be thinking about moving to Australia, which is about as far as you can get from Prague.

■ Mexico is monumentally bankrupt, but not too bankrupt to extend a \$55-million line of credit to Cuba.

■ Kinda makes you miss Brezhnev, doesn't it?

■ CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE: Garry Wills argues in his syndicated column that the Soviets' shooting down of the Korean airliner was "not diabolical."

■ We know things are tough, but the Belgian army's decision not to issue maternity uniforms, for lack of funds, is, uh, stretching things.

■ Whachya think now, Samantha?

■ The only thing the Soviets said all week that wasn't a lie was that they'd do it again.

Politics Is Not Self-Expression

Outrage over the murder of the civilians on the Korean Air Lines flight 007 ought to be savage. Liquor-store owners who poured Russian vodka down the drain were behaving in a personal and very human way, and expressing a fully justified and absolute revulsion. To be sure, there was no reason for anyone to have been surprised at the murder. The same people who built the Gulag, and the Berlin Wall, who are using chemical warfare in the Third World, whose germ-warfare factory in the Urals blew up a couple of years ago, who tried to murder Pope John Paul II, and who regard poetry as a crime, well, they have just done it again.

Whatever the details of the murder turn out to have been, why the plane was off course, whether warning shots were fired, etc., nothing essential will have been changed, because the highest Soviet officials themselves have defined the issue.

Both in the meeting between Secretary Shultz and Foreign Minister Gromyko in Madrid, and in the extraordinary press conference of Soviet Chief of Staff Ogarkov in Moscow, the Soviet position was made clear, and the nature of the Soviet regime harshly revealed. The claim of state security is absolute to the point where it will be asserted against even the most trivial and accidental of threats. The Soviet state counts for everything, and the fate of a couple of hundred civilians for nothing. That is why there could have been no "apology." An apology

would have been a contradiction; at least give the Soviets credit for that much consistency. The traditional claims of lost travelers or ships in distress count for nothing in the calculus of the Soviet state. As Secretary Shultz, with unaccustomed anger, said in Madrid: The Soviets are saying that they would do it again. It was no "mistake."

How, then, do you *punish* the evil empire?

In their justifiable outrage, many have wished for severe sanctions: canceling the grain deal, barring the Soviets from the Olympics, the expulsion of Soviet diplomats, sanctions against commercial deals, the severing of all relations.

Any or all of that would have been momentarily satisfying, and, in a moral sense, appropriate to the crime.

But politics is a much colder arena, and in the international political arena a phrase like Brezhnev's "correlation of forces" is rhetorically exact. The President has severely punished the Soviets by the course he chose, punished them politically. (See, also, "From Washington Straight," p. 1188.)

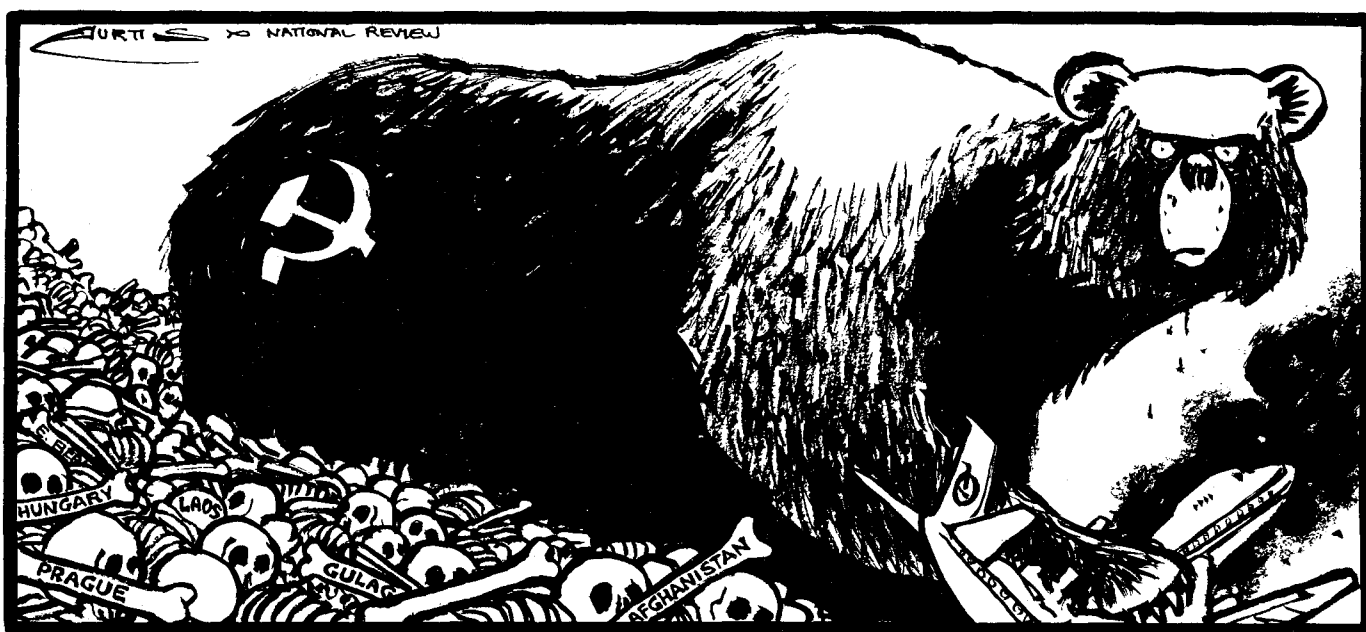
The sort of sanctions many have been suggesting would have shifted the focus from the crime itself to a quarrel over the wisdom and the efficacy of the sanctions. It would have made the central issue appear to be not the murder, but the superpower confrontation. There would have been renewed problems with NATO, with consequences for the forthcoming deployment of the Pershing II, and in an atmosphere of confrontation Reagan might have lost the political momentum he gained in the German and British elections.

Reagan refused to shift the focus away from the crime, and in so doing he put maximum political pressure on the Soviets. As in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915, which crystallized American opinion about the nature of the regime in Berlin, the death of KAL 007 has had a crystallizing effect here and in Europe, even as the bodies of children are recovered, full of bits of glass and fragments of metal.

Where the "correlation of forces" is concerned, the Soviets have suffered an enormous defeat, so great that Chief of Staff Ogarkov was called in from the refrigerator to attempt damage control. The Soviets simply threw away the political goals they have worked for in the course of the last four years. They have lost on this one, they deserved to lose, and Reagan wisely let them lose.

First of all, the Soviets had invested a good deal of political capital in the peace movement, mainly in Europe, but in the U.S. as well. They have now squandered that political capital.

The one thing the Soviets most wished to prevent, and toward which much of their psywar operation was working, is the deployment of the Pershing II missile in West Germany. This has now been made much more likely.



"What's all the fuss?"

The European neutralist theme, that both superpowers behave alike, has been made derisory.

Reagan's increases in the military budget are now much more likely to achieve congressional approval. Reagan has probably even been strengthened in his Central American policy, both in Congress and in terms of public opinion.

In the race for the Democratic nomination, the Soviets have hurt Mondale, all but demolished Cranston, and probably helped Glenn—all doubtful political results from their point of view. The promise to phone Yuri Andropov on the day after the election does not look very good today.

As the Greeks put it, character is destiny, i.e., what you are determines what will happen to you. The Soviets are what they are. What has happened to them is what has happened to them, a disaster politically. Reagan enhanced their political pain.

The Fall of Lebanon?

Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one.—Isa. 10:34

For some reason the press continues to refer to something called "the government of Lebanon," by which presumably is meant the presidential palace in Beirut and the several thousand bedraggled soldiers who take orders from President Amin Gemayel. The truth is that Lebanon has no government. It has become a collection of myriad armies and factions, in the most confused spot on the face of the earth.

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon did not cause the confusion, though it aggravated it vastly. Lebanon's ordeal began when burgeoning numbers of PLO guerrillas upset the delicate balance between Maronite Christians and Sunni Moslems and touched off the civil war of 1975-76. On top of the chaos of the civ-

il war came Syria's intervention. On top of that, the Israeli invasion; and on top of that, current efforts by a gaggle of great powers to stabilize the country. Each succeeding effort at imposing order from without has only made the patchwork more complex. The Shiite Moslems and the Druse have joined the fray, and the number of armed factions in the country has multiplied absurdly. Much of the time no one knows who is shooting at whom, with the result that amid the chaos it is easy for all parties to lose sight of the one course that could restore stability to Lebanon—a withdrawal of all foreign forces from the country. This has been President Reagan's bottom line, yet he has been put in the awkward position of having to introduce American forces—and provide them with increasing support, with the end in mind that their presence might provide the measure of stability necessary for international disengagement. The prospects for that appear chancy at best. The challenge of healing fractured Lebanon is compounded by serious determination not to let the healing take place under the aegis of Gemayel, who would almost certainly leave Israel at peace. If Lebanon must be destroyed in order to deny Israel the luxury of withdrawal and of stable northern borders, Damascus is quite prepared to hasten that end; and beside Assad stands Moscow, ever delighted to play the role of spoiler in the Middle East.

The present situation presents the slight, but not unthinkable, possibility that Syria and its assorted henchmen (and hench-armies) in Lebanon might make a serious effort to topple Gemayel. Israel, of course, would not tolerate the fall of Lebanon to Damascus, so the likely consequence of any such attempts would be another Middle East war. With U.S. Marines on the ground, the potential for superpower confrontation would then be great. The situation calls for

the most carefully crafted policies on the part of the United States and its allies. The U.S. cannot now withdraw without seriously endangering Gemayel's hopes of resisting Syrian pressure and establishing a real government of Lebanon. But unless the U.S. is prepared drastically to increase its commitment—and the rumblings on Capitol Hill suggest that is untenable—then the U.S. Marine stronghold near the Beirut International Airport will remain a symbol, and a most modest deterrent. Keep your eyes on this one. It could be serious.

War Power

The Constitution (Article I) gives Congress the power to declare war, raise armies, and so on. It names the President (Article II) as Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. Since the onset of war involves the need for swift and sometimes ambiguous action, we have traditionally allowed Presidents to begin military engagements that Congress has ratified later. President Polk, in a dispute about acreage between the Rio Grande and Nueces Rivers, sent in the army, which engaged in sharp hostilities, which Congress subsequently condoned by declaring war. President Lincoln was deep into the War between the States and never once bothered to call Congress into session; it convened at its regular time and declared war retroactively.

The current confusion grows from President Truman's refusal even to ask for a declaration of war in the years-long Korean War, which was disguised verbally as a United Nations "police action," even though 90 per cent of the troops, hardware, and casualties were American. That subterfuge was enlarged to intolerable dimensions in the Vietnam War, where, once again without a declaration of war, Congress and the President conspired to engage American forces in almost ten years of hopeless combat.

In an emotional reaction to the Vietnam fiasco, Congress passed the War Powers Resolution about ten years ago, over President Nixon's veto. The problematical part of that resolution has to do with

sending troops into "hostilities" or "situations where imminent involvement in hostilities is clearly indicated." If the President sends troops into such areas, he must bring them home within ninety days unless Congress declares war or otherwise authorizes the continuation of military action.

American troops are now being killed in Lebanon. Some congressmen, opposed to the Lebanese war, are thinking of suing the Secretary of Defense (one cannot sue the President), seeking a court injunction against further action in Lebanon. This might even be a good thing.

During the Vietnam War, a congressman sued the Secretary of Defense, in an attempt to halt further American military flights over Cambodia. The Supreme Court ruled that the Secretary of Defense could not be interfered with.

The War Powers Resolution, in the opinion of some legal scholars, is of doubtful constitutionality. The President, in the Lebanese war, is seen by these scholars as being in a strong constitutional position. It would be good to test the War Powers Resolution.

Reaganomics: A Short History

When Ronald Reagan was elected President, supply-side economics, which he espoused, was renamed "Reaganomics" in his honor, more or less. The informal "misery index" (you get it by adding the inflation and unemployment rates) stood at about 21 per cent.

Reaganomics began its life as an "untested theory" that would "never work."

By the summer of 1981, Reaganomics was already "hurting the poor."

By late 1981, with recession setting in about five minutes after the first phase of the Reagan tax cuts was installed, Reaganomics had "caused" the recession.

Throughout 1982 Reaganomics "prolonged" the recession.

In mid-1982, signs of recovery began to appear. It was feared that Reaganomics would "delay" or even "kill" a full recovery, however.

As the recovery continued, the question was whether it could continue to survive Reaganomics.

Today the recovery appears strong. It has, of course, nothing to do with Reaganomics.

The misery index is under 12 per cent.

ABC-TV Backs Deterrence

The first Pershing II missiles are scheduled for deployment in West Germany this December, to balance the already deployed Soviet intermediate-range missiles. A long Soviet campaign to prevent deploy-

Yuri, How Could You?

Samantha Smith's a sobbing kid;

At Women's Strike for Peace, they're numb.

Phil Donahue flails like a squid,

While Bella Abzug types look glum.

Meanwhile, Dodd, shaken and confused,

Is testy on the telephone;

Indeed, so many feel ill-used,

Please leave the liberals alone.

W. H. VON DREELE

ment came to grief earlier this year in German and British elections, in which the unilateralists lost decisively. The voters chose deterrence, and so, we are pleased to report, has ABC-TV.

On November 20, not long before the Pershings are scheduled to be deployed, ABC-TV will show an extraordinary two-hour drama, on Sunday evening prime-time, called *The Day After*, about the effects of a nuclear strike on Lawrence, Kansas. In an effort to support effective nuclear deterrence, ABC-TV is pulling out all the stops. The show will cost \$7 million, more than three times the ordinary cost of a television film, and it will feature Jason Robards and other big stars.

Those who have seen the film describe it as relentlessly depressing, as, indeed, befits such a subject. There are scenes of enormous destruction through nuclear firestorm; you actually see people being vaporized, others being consigned to mass graves, the breakdown of food and water supplies, disfigurement and death from radiation sickness. The actors wear trick wigs that allow the hair to fall out and makeup to simulate burns and sores. Some three thousand inhabitants of Lawrence had especially easy roles as extras: They posed as corpses. Water wagons filled with food dye were used to paint the fields black.

Powerful stuff. And at the beginning and end of the film, words appear on the screen imploring both viewers and world leaders to prevent a nuclear holocaust.

NR has often felt compelled to comment on the distortions perpetrated by the major media, and we therefore feel especially obliged to give credit where credit is due. In the wake of the Korean airliner scandal, few any longer have any illusions about the nature of the Soviet Union, and if those German and British elections were held this week deterrence would probably win by an even larger margin. Still, every effort helps, as ABC knows, and there will certainly be last-ditch unilateralist demonstrations in Europe later this fall. But ABC-TV has enlisted on the right side for a change, even cleverly scheduling its two-hour show for late November, just before deployment. The producers at ABC obviously want to impress upon us just what might happen if our deterrent becomes unconvincing, tempting the Soviets to treat Lawrence, Kansas, as if it were a Korean airplane. Three cheers for ABC-TV.

Justice in the Private Sector

Andrea Williams, ten, of Buffalo, New York, was snatched from her home early one morning at four A.M. and was not seen for 12 hours, when she came running back saying she had been raped. Her father, Willie, thereupon led a mob to the house of Charles Dean, the man Andrea said had done the deed. Williams

kicked Dean, punched him, and stabbed him in the stomach. A local news crew covering the rape story, caught the father's attack on film.

Dean, who survived, was arrested. So was Williams. The Erie County district attorney explained: "The reason we have a whole system of laws is to prevent vigilante-style justice." That is true. But there is another reason—to do justice. Dean, 32, already had one rape conviction. At the time of the Williams episode he was out on bail on a second sexual assault charge, involving a teenage girl.

There is, interestingly, a racial angle. Williams is black (as is Dean). David Collins, a black member of the Buffalo City Council, has organized a legal defense fund for Williams. "You can't go into the black community and find many people who believe the police are protecting their lives," Collins said. "So here you have a man who supposedly is looking out for his little girl and he's the one arrested. I felt, who is guilty around here?"

Meanwhile, a judge has ordered a psychiatric examination to determine if Dean is fit to stand trial. So what? Some criminals, like John Hinckley, are nuts. Others, like Richard Herrin, the killer of Bonnie Garland, are under stress. Brawlers tend to be choleric. Rapists are often impulsive. It is not the primary business of justice to pass judgment on the psyches or the temperaments of criminals, but on their actions. It has been suggested that a new type of verdict, "Guilty, but insane," be adopted. This seems reasonable. The mental condition of the criminal may influence the style of punishment; it should not be grounds for a shorter sentence than the crime demands.

Plenty of perfectly sane criminals, of course, get away with wrist slaps these days. So it is not surprising that the inhabitants of our urban battle zones, on whom the burden of crime falls most heavily, have no use for progressive-style justice. The DA can expect more vigilantes.

Begin's Political Ending

The political career of Menachim Begin was conceived in violence when the fiery young Polish émigré led the Jewish *Irgun*, a hard-core guerrilla army, in waging war against the British in Palestine from 1944 to 1947. Nearly forty years later, Begin's political career was terminated by the violence of the war his government had unleashed upon the hills and countryside of Lebanon. Between the two poles of violence there had stretched the dramatic, stormy, impassioned political life of a naturally quiet, unassuming family man from Tel Aviv. The force that transfigured Begin from émigré to terrorist, from recluse to politician, and from politician to prime minister, was an incandescent vision of a modern-day Biblical Israel, complete with its original boundaries.

Begin's vision of Israel led Israel to unprecedented heights of military and strategic superiority, even as he sowed the seeds of political chaos in fragmentation at home. When he finally resigned the prime ministership earlier this month, he left behind an Israel more divided than ever, split between Ashkenazi and Sephardi, and between Jew and Arab, two million of the latter of which simply could not be absorbed into any state that wished to remain exclusively Jewish. The tragedy of Begin's career was not only that his vision was flawed, or that he failed to achieve it. It was that he lived long enough to watch it begin to unravel, even as events in his personal life began to unravel his oasis at home. He has the advantage over Israel in that he can resign his leadership. Not so his country.

Henry M. Jackson, R I P

He was a man who obliterated casual political labels. When the junior senator from Washington spoke out against Joseph McCarthy in the mid-1950s, there were voices that called him a "Commie" and "a pinko." Two decades later, when he defended the U.S. commitment to Vietnam and offered cogent criticisms of the SALT treaties, a different set of voices branded him a "reactionary" and a "warmonger." The political spectrum shifted willy-nilly around him, but Senator Jackson stood serenely on the high ground. He was the best of men in the worst of times.

Jackson wanted America to be strong because he believed in America and wanted it safe; he believed that American power was a force for good in the world and that its contraction would dim liberty's light around the globe. With the same passion that he brought to his belief in national security—and for many of the same reasons—he believed in human rights, campaigning for them worldwide. Sakharov has said of Jackson that Soviet dissidents looked to him as "our champion."

In the Senate itself Jackson was a legend, recognized by his colleagues as one of the most effective and powerful senators in the body. Jackson's infec-

tious humor and affability won him friends and allies in both parties and crossed the political spectrum, enabling him to build, in the words of George Will, a "coalition of common sense." Though the chairmanship of the powerful Armed Services Committee eluded him, during the last year of his life he became its ranking Democrat. History will undoubtedly recognize him as the intellectual godfather of that committee. The loss to the nation is grave.

Lawrence McDonald, R I P

Congressman Larry McDonald was head of the John Birch Society, hence a presumptive "extremist." In point of fact he asserted and defended his positions with skill, courage, and wit. At one public gathering he was repeatedly twitted by our publisher for his "conspiracy theories." After the program was over, he inscribed a book, "To Bill Rusher, noted coincidence theorist." Unpretentious and unassuming as well as outspoken, he was one of the few men in Congress willing to describe as murderers those who, as fate would have it, murdered him. He is survived by hundreds of colleagues who subscribe to the fantastic theory that the Soviet Union can be understood as a normal great power rather than as an evil empire.

Notes



Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Your illustration on page 1010 [Aug. 19] is upside down. Can't you read plain Chinese?

Sincerely,

Gordon Tullock

University Distinguished Professor

Center for Study of Public Choice

Fairfax, Va.

Dear Gordon: Sure we can. But that wasn't plain old Chinese, that was Mandarin-elite, and down here, we like plain speech. Cordially,

Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Ira Glasser, president of the American Civil Liberties Union, is quoted in a recent issue of the *New York Times* as saying that the "primary goal" of the Reagan Administration is destruction of the Bill of Rights. The primary goal! Mind you, Mr. Glasser does not feel that Reagan wants to violate the Bill of Rights in pursuit of some higher objective. Rather, destruction of the Bill of Rights is for Mr.

Attention Spans

It's always a chore to remember

When Soviet leaders are gross;

That spring when the Czechs were whimpering wrecks,

The West became very morose.

But what with one thing and another,

Such incidents slip from the mind,

So please understand, if bluster turns bland,

It's just that we've got to unwind.

W. H. VON DREELE

Glasser the *raison d'être* of Reagan's Administration. I have decided to write a letter to the *Times* taking strong exception to Mr. Glasser's statement. Reagan's primary goal, I say, is most definitely not the destruction of the Bill of Rights. It is Global Thermo-nuclear Holocaust! Destroying the Bill of Rights is a secondary objective. Of course, there is controversy about this in the White House. Pragmatists in the Administration want Mr. Reagan to destroy the Bill of Rights first, and the world at some later, politically opportune, time. Hard-liners say no, Mr. Reagan should blow up the world now that he has his fingers near the button. The planet and the Bill of Rights can be taken in one blow. What do you think, Mr. Buckley?

Sincerely,
Dinesh D'Souza
Editor, *Prospect*
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Mr. D'Souza: I was always under the impression that Reagan's first priority was to contaminate the air, the water, and the earth. You see, that way there would be no need for a nuclear holocaust, and no one around to abuse the Bill of Rights. Don't you think that's the pragmatic way to go? Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After hearing about it for quite some time, I was able at last to locate Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*. Hayek says again and again that people are quickly forgetting (or never have known) the way it used to be and are now calling for social policies directly contradicting the principles that granted them the freedoms they enjoy. Upon reading the second chapter, "The Great Utopia," I looked through all the "Notes & Asides" since April 1982 (except May 1983) but could not find "democratic socialism" offered as an oxymoron. Is it because so many had submitted



"Not much, but at least it's a start toward arms control. We agree to no first strike with acid rain on the USSR; you agree to no first strike with yellow rain of the U.S."

it or, as a sign of the times that Hayek feared, because no one even recognizes it as such any longer that you haven't printed it? Considering the character of NATIONAL REVIEW and of the age, "democratic socialism" would appear to be the epitome of the oxymoron. Please accept it from my hand as a shining pearl brought up from the murky depths of the not-too-distant past.

Sincerely yours,
Greg Jefford
New York, N.Y.

Well, thank you very much, but no more oxymorons. We mean it. Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The censures of congressmen for immoral conduct bring to mind what Sam Johnson's friend Richard Savage said of a politician who had fallen from favor: "The whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politicks, and from politicks to obscenity."

Your most obedient servant,
T. Johnson Jamieson
Evanston, Ill.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: President Reagan's recent proposals to strengthen fair-housing laws. Does Norman Lear think it's all right for President Reagan to impose his morality on us in this area?

Sincerely,
Jerran W. Mont
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you and readers of *NR* might like to know that you're mentioned on page one of *Philosophical Studies* 44 (1983) in an article by the leading contemporary American philosopher of religion, Alvin Plantinga, currently at Notre Dame. Here's the passage:

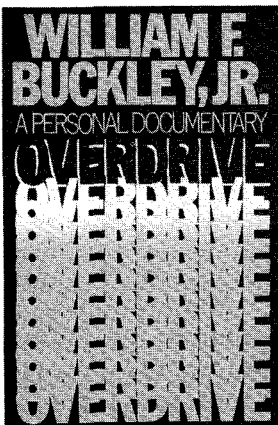
I believe it is obvious that there are individual essences. Consider, for example, the property of being William F. Buckley or being identical with William F. Buckley. Surely that property is essential to Buckley; he couldn't have existed but lacked it. (Of course he could have lacked the name "William F. Buckley"; no doubt his parents could have named him "Pico della Mirandola" if they'd wished.)

But what I'd like to know is whether Al is right to remark that you could have been named "Pico della Mirandola."

Cordially,
Arnold Cusmariu
Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Mr. Cusmariu: They were thinking of it, but I talked them out of it. Cordially,

—WFB



"His zest for words, his obvious devotion to his craft, and perhaps even his quiet assumption that we do care about his thoughts and his deeds win me over. . . . I sit with Buckley's book on my lap, and feel I am listening to half a conversation, as Buckley follows up train after train of thought. Most of what he has to say is fascinating; once in a while it is memorable."

—Pamela Marsh

Christian Science Monitor

"*Overdrive* is a record and celebration of connection, of how association (memories, locales, daily working intercourse, surprise pleasure) improves the soul and perhaps the cause of civilization, and bestows grace on all and sundry, by no means least of all William F. Buckley, Jr."

—Eliot Fremont-Smith

Village Voice

". . . you'll enjoy the wit and anecdotes, the literary and political gossip. And the man really can turn a phrase."

—James K. Glassman

USA Today

"As always, Buckley writes with verve and wit, and whether or not one subscribes to his particular political philosophies it is easy to get drawn into his narrative."

—Scott Wright

Library Journal

"Few indeed are the authors who could bring off such an enterprise as this. . . . The explanation for which isn't simply that WFB does interesting things; it is that he himself is so interesting: so knowledgeable, so facile of movement, so catholic of appetite. And, with it all, so—I don't know how else to put this—genuinely nice."

—William Murchison

Dallas Morning News

"As a political essayist . . . [Buckley] has few peers, and after an immersion in his seductive lucidity, all but the most committed may find themselves wondering if their liberal principles are perhaps a bit tacky."

—*Cosmopolitan*

"Buckley's new book [is called] *Overdrive*, a journal of a few days in his ridiculously over-achieving life. Buckley luxuriates in his amenities a bit too much, and one hears in his prose the happy sigh of a man sinking into a hot bath. So his enemies try to dismiss him as Marie Antoinette in a pimpmobile. They portray him as, among other things, a terrible, terminal snob. To make the accusation is to misunderstand both William F. Buckley, Jr. and the nature of snobbery. Buckley is an expansive character who is almost indiscriminately democratic in the range of his friends and interests. He glows with intimidating self-assurance. Buckley's new book is a funny and charming exercise."

—Lance Morrow

Time

OVERDRIVE

A PERSONAL DOCUMENTARY BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A Literary Guild Alternate Selection  DOUBLEDAY

Portions of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

FROM Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

A Leader For The West



IN AUGUST of 1968, about three days before the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia, Alexander Dubcek, the First Secretary of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, met with Janos Kadar, the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, whom the Soviets had placed in power in 1956. The meeting took place at a town on the Czechoslovakian-Hungarian border. Before Dubcek departed, Kadar asked him, "Do you know what kind of people you are dealing with?" When Dubcek did not answer, Kadar said, "They are animals."

This is how the free world felt about the Soviets when it learned that a Korean 747 jetliner had been hit by a Russian rocket, killing 269 defenseless civilians. Demands for reprisals were insistent and sweeping. Certain conservatives in the United States urged the President to end all commerce with the Soviets, break off arms talks at Geneva and Vienna, cancel the Shultz-Gromyko meeting in Madrid, rescind wheat and technology deals, nationalize U.S. loans to Soviet satellite states, expel Russian diplomats and KGB agents (together totaling about 150) from their walled fortress in Washington. The pressure on Mr. Reagan was immense. The fury peaked over the Labor Day weekend.

Before giving his TV address to the nation on September 5, the President reached a decision. He would not impose piecemeal, ad hoc strictures against the Soviets, howsoever warranted and cathartic. The President reasoned that such tactics would be temporary at best, requiring early or late reversal, and that they would entail hopeless policy, hurt us more than the Soviets, run athwart our charter principles (nationalizing private-sector loans), breed division among our allies and squabbles in Congress, and, most important, defeat the larger purpose of building international public opprobrium toward the Soviets.

So Mr. Reagan decided to position the Soviets against the world, not against us. The President's role would be to marshal the world's rage toward a long-term, wide-arc goal: the overriding realization by nations outside the Soviet bloc that strong military defenses must exist to counter continued Soviet aggression—the same realization that NATO countries had affirmed at Williamsburg. Short-term band-aid "punishments" were really no punishments at all, and would undercut the larger defense design. A climate of worldwide anti-Soviet opinion, on the other hand, would make it possible for governments to increase their military preparedness. Internal resistance to those defense budgets would ebb in the face of mounting anti-Soviet world feeling occasioned by the Korean airline slaughter. "A bipolar U.S.-USSR confrontation would only let lagging countries off the hook," notes a White House counselor. "We wanted them to carry their water, too. Reagan is building a cathedral, not the pews."

IF THE President had opted for Carteresque sanctions, the impact on European-American relations might well have been disastrous. Instead of isolating the Soviet Union, the sanctions could have isolated us. Western Europeans, who cannot even agree among themselves to deny Aeroflot landing rights for sixty days, would hardly have endorsed more stringent measures, and so we would have been left sitting on the end of a limb as we were with the Siberian pipeline embargo.

Their reluctance to act against the Soviets is understandable, if not wholly admirable. Europeans are worried sick about whether their territories will be targeted by Soviet SS-20s when Pershing and cruise missiles are emplaced in December. If the President had canceled the START and INF talks, which deal with the fate of 600 million peo-

ple, our allies would then have had to choose between a paranoiac Russian bear on the one hand and a U.S. President perceived as a bomb-throwing jingo on the other. But by seeking long-term public-opinion mileage rather than short-term quick-fix reprisals, Mr. Reagan has focused the anger of the world.

At home, Mr. Reagan's tactics will be similarly efficacious. He can reasonably expect Congress to condemn the Soviet Union for its wickedness in the most searing language, and not become fragmented by partisan, dove/hawk wrangling over discrete retaliatory acts.

During the Carter years, this nation cried out for a leader. Now, it appears, we may have one. Mr. Reagan has a leader's ability to conceptualize broadly, to persuade, and to stick to his principles calmly and tenaciously. The most impressive aspect of his TV address was the way in which he presented himself as a principled person representing a principled government that, despite the gravest of international provocations, sedulously refused to compromise those principles or to yield to counterproductive reprisals.

Is Mr. Reagan emerging as a statesman able to fill the power vacuum in Western leadership? Helmut Schmidt of West Germany is through. Helmut Kohl is decent and courageous, but perforce absorbed in domestic German problems. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is gone, and his successor, the grey, dull socialist intellectual, François Mitterrand, has all he can do to hold his bankrupt economy and government together (although that doesn't keep him from meddling mischievously in Central America). Margaret Thatcher has leadership qualities, as the Falklands episode abundantly showed, but aspires to no mission beyond her borders. In Japan, Mr. Nakasone shows vision and courage, but he is consumed by parochial responsibilities, to say nothing of European resistance to a Japanese as leader of the West.

Archimedes once said that if he had a lever big enough and knew where to stand, he could move the earth. The Russians have given Mr. Reagan his lever—world opinion—and he knows where to stand—center stage, where circumstances and timing have thrust him. He will try to use his new fulcrum to lever the planet into a stronger defense against Soviet aggression and, in so doing, make the world safe for freedom. □

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THE CASE of Chile goes far beyond national and regional boundaries in terms of international significance. For one thing, it became (and still is, to a lesser degree) a *cause célèbre* of the international Left, something to get worked up about, a suitable hate symbol, a worthy addition to a long line of emotive issues, of which the most celebrated was perhaps the Spanish Civil War, but which has also included McCarthyism, Vietnam, and (now) El Salvador.

About ten years ago, on September 11, 1973, a group of high-ranking officers, led by General Augusto Pinochet, ousted the civilian government of Salvador Allende. Such occurrences are commonplace in Latin America. However, this one has distinctive features.

For one thing, Pinochet is clearly not one of the old-fashioned caudillos who enjoy being in power and intend to corner as much loot as possible for themselves and their families. He is one of the new breed of thinking strongmen. He did not, however, seize power with the short-term aim of handing it back as soon as possible to the political parties that had made a mess of affairs in the first place. Under the constitution he introduced three years ago (and which was approved in a plebiscite by the undictatorial majority of 67 per cent) he could well decide to hold on until 1989.

Public Betrayals

Naturally, his political opponents have other ideas. One of them, the Christian Democrat Gabriel Valdés, recently announced the formation of a Democratic Alliance, embracing (it was claimed) all parties except the Communists. In a national day of protest in August, intended initially to be peaceful, about two dozen people were killed and many injured when demonstrators clashed with a heavy-handed police.

One aspect of the protesting that may have worried Pinochet is that those attacking him in public have included brother officers, among them General Nicanor Díaz, who declared that the president had "betrayed the ideals of 1973," and Air Force General Gustavo Leigh (one of the leaders of the anti-

Allende coup), who went so far as to say that Pinochet had "soiled the honor and prestige of the armed forces."

In the September 16 issue of *NR*, Larry A. Sjaastad analyzed aspects of the seeming failure of Chicago School economics in Chile under Pinochet. I do not plan to consider the economic side in detail, and content myself with observing that bad though conditions have become lately, they are paradisaical in comparison with the chaotic last months of Allende, when inflation hit 1,000 per cent, when bread ran out and was replaced by an adulterated (and not always obtainable) official loaf, and when—interesting example—an empty bag of flour on the black market was worth more than a full one at the official price.

Memories, however, are short, and when expectations are high, disappointments are the greater. For its extraordinary feat in reducing inflation to about zero last year, the government exacted a price from the people: unemployment at 25 to 30 per cent (according to which set of figures you prefer: government or opposition). Unemployment means social unrest and provides fuel for political agitation.

The question is what is to be done about all this, and about Chile itself. To me, the most interesting long-term aspect of the situation that arose between 1970, when Allende, the minority victor in a three-sided contest, came to power, and 1973, when he lost both power and his life, was that it was a devastating indictment of the party political system. The same was true of Turkey on the two occasions when the military felt obliged to intervene, and in Greece when the colonels intervened in 1967.

From the start, Pinochet was determined to do away with the monopoly of power the political parties had enjoyed. Aware that by adopting a market economic system he would be fostering the eventual emergence of a libertarian polity, he hesitated between various options. One might have been (and could yet be) a Chilean variant of what I call the "no-party state," of which the Franco regime in Spain during its latter years was an imperfect model. Another was to dilute the political reach of the parties by allowing different groups (cultural, labor, profes-

sional, and so forth) to put up candidates for election on the same footing as the parties.

The constitution chose the second of these options. The protestors are saying, in effect: To hell with the constitution—let's go back to the good old free-for-all. The fourth day of protest in August did draw blood—apart, that is, from the blood spilt on the streets. Pinochet reshuffled his government, though the new version was not markedly different from the old; a spokesman told a Santiago newspaper that a referendum might be held to approve constitutional changes that would allow an elected congress to participate in government; and there were hints of the legalization of political parties. Most significantly, the government published a decree allowing 1,190 opponents of the regime to return from forced exile.

Time Is Running Out

None of this, however, was inconsistent with Pinochet's long-term program. Moreover, it is worth looking more closely than most commentators have done at the real composition of Valdés's Democratic Alliance. It will then be found that it is less comprehensive than it claims to be. Three right-wing names were included, but one is deep into old age and the others carry little weight. Nor does the claim that the Communists are excluded from the Alliance carry much conviction, for the demonstrations were spearheaded by Communist militants in the trade unions.

The horrid probability is that if Pinochet stepped down in favor of the Alliance, Chile would soon be right back where it was under Allende, in a state of revolutionary anarchy. In the background, meanwhile, are a number of able potential leaders of the moderate Right, who have stayed out of the Alliance, but who could in time provide a solution to Chile's problems. These include Juan de Dios Carmona, who was Defense Minister under the late President Eduardo Frei, and the historian Fernando Silva. Ten years may seem a long time. It has not been long enough for Chile to recover from Allendismo. □

“... nothing else quite like it on the American scene.”

—Irving Kristol

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. . . if you're interested in knowing the gut, history-changing issues of the day months in advance of their making the national press and network news.

For example, long before the P.R. firm of Reagan, Regan, Kemp, Roth and Stockman stuck the electorate's toe in the hot socket of Supply-Side Economics, the scheme's big daddy, George Gilder, was discussing it in depth in the pages of **The American Spectator**. Long before "Yellow Rain" in Afghanistan and Cambodia hit the front pages and editorial columns, **Spectator** readers were experts on the subject. The liveliest, nastiest debate on Nixon, Kissinger, and the destruction of Cambodia took place in these pages between William Shawcross and Henry Kissinger's chief researcher. And Margaret Thatcher's high male-hormone count was openly discussed long before the Falklands crisis.

In short, **The American Spectator** is where the action is! And you're invited to get in on it and savor it!

What they say:

The Washington Post: "... Washington's new 'in' magazine."

Time Magazine: "... a (monthly) 40-page compendium of essays, satires, diatribes as well as acid-etched reviews of books, movies, and saloons (recent recommendation: Delisa's Bungalow Beer Garden in South St. Louis). The **Spectator's** list of contributors reads like a Who's Who of the American Right and Center. Among them are Buckley, **Public Interest** co-editor Irving Kristol, Harvard Government Professor James Q. Wilson, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and social theorist Sidney Hook."



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When Did Hobey Baker Die?

JEFFREY HART

HOBLEY BAKER, one of the finest athletes in collegiate history, died in France in a plane crash in 1918. He was not only a remarkable football player—he held the Princeton scoring record until Cosmo Iacavassi broke it, under very different circumstances, in 1964—he was also a remarkable human being. “With his incredible skill and grace,” writes Arthur Mizener, “his perfect manners, his dedicated seriousness, Hobey Baker was the nearly faultless realization of the ideal of his age.”

Princeton University is not normally in my daily thoughts, but, of course, there is Scott Fitzgerald, and today, finishing a book on Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, I find myself sitting at a desk in the manuscript reading room of the Firestone Library. I am thrilled both intellectually and sensually by the luxury of the place. Everything Fitzgerald ever wrote is available here in about ten minutes, first drafts, everything. It is all on a computerized index, available at once from the vaults.

In form, the manuscript reading room is a rotunda attached to the main library; in spirit, it is a sort of chapel of the intellect and an ode in concrete to literary greatness. You sit at a polished wooden table, and an oil portrait of former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles looks down severely at you from the wall. This is Princeton, he seems to say: statesmen, merchants, scholars, gentlemen, men of substance, serious people—in my own vocabulary, *major*. Now the librarian is bringing Fitzgerald manuscripts in numbered file cases. You look at these things, and you begin to fathom how his mind worked as you study his revisions. Yes, he wrote *Gatsby* in longhand, had the first draft typed up, and revised it between the double-spaced typing. Many of the great lines came forward in the revisions, which were multiple. The Princeton librarian circulates quietly, as if in bedroom slippers. Would I like any of the Fitzgerald material photocopied? With difficulty, I suppress the cry, Everything! All of it! All!

Outside the window of the rotunda, it is a grey winter morning, and as I work with the Fitzgerald manuscripts I watch the Princeton students changing classes, strolling amid the Gothic grandeur, some of them walking hand in hand. I have nothing against these Princeton students, and

in a vague way I wish them well, but some of them, at least, look to me absolutely awful. It is not so much that they are lacking in style, but that they seem to have declared war on style. They wear jeans and parkas and often their hair looks as if it had not been washed for a month. If style is an enhancement of life, an effort to rise above brute existence—a message delivered by the Princeton campus and its architecture—these students passing before me have made a profound refusal.

There is enormous wealth concentrated at the roots of Princeton, a great capitalist accumulation: the Gothic buildings, the cyclotron and the hydrogen fusion reactor, the expensive faculty, the Firestone Library, and the librarian at my elbow asking if I want any more copies of Fitzgerald manuscripts; and then there are, on the other hand, these students, outside the window. The Third World presence is heavy. If you have seen the movie *Blade Runner* you have some idea of what I mean. An ancient Princeton building has in fact been renamed the Third World Center, and the so-called Women's Center is not friendly to women who are not feminist militants. I suppose the students I am observing all had the required SAT scores to get into Princeton, but I really do not believe it for a minute. Many are here on the basis of an egalitarian theory. I remember a line from Gibbon: “It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.”

The students I am observing represent a violation almost beyond belief, though they are scarcely responsible for it. The violation is much more drastic than anything that has happened elsewhere because Princeton once had so distinctively powerful an identity. Only a few weeks earlier, in the

Mr. Hart is the author of When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties (Crown). In 1951, he led an underdog Dartmouth football team to a victory over the University of California in a game played in the Rose Bowl.

late fall, I had sat in a Palmer Stadium about 20 per cent filled, and watched a Dartmouth football team that could not have defeated certain high schools in Texas or Ohio humiliate the Tiger, treat the Orange and the Black as a sort of trivial annoyance. Princeton has a spectacularly unsuccessful coach who was actually dropped by Columbia, which has not had a winning season within living memory. The once impressive Princeton band was mediocre, in a sense neither so good nor so bad as last year's Columbia band, the first in Ivy League history to form a gonococcus on the field during halftime.

The first time I ever saw Princeton must have been along about 1940, when I was ten. My father, a Dartmouth graduate, evidently felt that I was then old enough to go to a Dartmouth-Princeton game, traditionally the last game of the season. We went to Penn Station in New York, and he hurried me onto the special Dartmouth train to Princeton Junction. The crowd on the train was uproarious, but this was not just a noisy crowd. The whole thing was at some level an act of communion, especially welcome, I imagine, in those Depression years. At Princeton Junction you would take a cab to Palmer Stadium and pandemonium. The orange and black uniforms, the band with black sweaters and white trousers, "Invercovergill," flasks, the single wing. Palmer Stadium, the great concrete horseshoe, had been opened in 1920 with the Dartmouth-Princeton game, when my father was a junior in Hanover.

My first childhood hero was a Princeton tailback named Dave Allerdyce, whom I remember from the years just before the war. Allerdyce, of course, operated out of the old single-wing attack, and he demolished the opposition. He must have had a passing arm with muscles like hawsers. He could throw a flat pass further than anyone I have ever seen, and experts with long memories today compare him to Bob Waterfield and Jack Kemp. He died long before his time as a result of injuries sustained as a pilot in the Pacific war.

My other football hero from the Forties was a Dartmouth tailback named Frost. He had been shot down over

If style is an enhancement of life—a message
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before me have made a profound refusal

Italy and had been badly burned, he had little hair and a face that looked like putty, but in 1946 he led a Dartmouth team thin on talent but long on courage to a stunning upset over a highly favored Princeton.

In 1930, Scott Fitzgerald was asked by a national magazine to reflect upon his university. He had become a nationally famous novelist in 1920 with *This Side of Paradise*, a sort of Valentine card to Princeton, and had even gone back to the Cottage Club to await its publication in New York. In that first novel, he celebrated his vision of Princeton:

The night mist fell. From the moon it rolled, clustered about the spires and towers, and then settled below them, so that the dreaming peaks were still in lofty aspiration toward the sky. Figures that dotted the day like ants now brushed along as shadowy ghosts, in and out of the foreground. The Gothic halls and cloisters were infinitely more mysterious as they loomed suddenly out of the darkness, outlined each by myriad faint squares of yellow light. Indefinitely from somewhere a bell boomed the quarter-hour, and Amory, pausing by a sundial, stretched himself out full-length on the damp grass. The cool bathed his eyes and slowed the flight of time—time that had crept so insidiously through the lazy April afternoons, seemed so intangible in the long spring twilights. Evening after evening the senior singing had drifted over the campus in melancholy beauty, and through the shell of his undergraduate consciousness had broken a deep and reverent devotion to the grey walls and Gothic peaks."

For that 1930 magazine article, thinking of Princeton, Fitzgerald was, if anything, even more eloquent:



The students may be cleverer, on the whole,
but there is no Edmund Wilson here, I think,
no Fitzgerald, no Jean Peale Bishop.

There is no Hobey Baker

Looking back over a decade one sees the idea of a university become a myth, a vision, a meadow lark among the smokestacks. Yet perhaps it is there at Princeton, only more elusive than under the skies of the Prussian Rhineland or Oxfordshire; or perhaps some men come upon it suddenly and possess it, while others wander forever outside. Even these seek in vain through middle age for any corner of the Republic that preserves so much of what is fair, gracious, charming, and honorable in American life.

Is it conceivable that anyone would write in such a mode about Princeton today? I very much doubt it.

I had never heard of Hobey Baker until I began doing research on Fitzgerald some years ago, yet Hobey Baker is a powerful figure in the background of Fitzgerald's fiction, and a major figure in Princeton's tradition. As one sports writer recalls, "The whole atmosphere was electric when he was playing. Everyone would just stand up when he got the puck or caught a punt. Never wore a headguard in football and I remember that great shock of blond hair—Hobey standing waiting all alone. He was the only player on the field you looked at, the only player you saw . . ." Arthur Mizener writes: "When Hobey Baker limped into his opponents' dressing room to shake hands and thank them for a wonderful game after he had been ruthlessly hammered all evening long, it was not because he was a fool or even because he was a man gritting his teeth and carrying out the sportsman's code. It was rather because that code was so deeply ingrained in him that he was incapable of

treating an opponent according to his mere deserts; he always treated him according to his own honor. On the rare occasions when he was forced to admit he had been deliberately fouled, he was driven to tears."

It is quite possible that Princeton today has a faculty superior to that of Fitzgerald's Princeton, and I am aware that much useful scholarship is being produced. I am not aware, however, that there is any equivalent of Christian Gauss, whose lectures in French literature would lead to Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle*, one of the major works of modern criticism. The students may be cleverer, on the whole, but there is no Edmund Wilson here, I think, no Fitzgerald, no John Peale Bishop. There is no Hobey Baker and no Dick Kazmaier and no Dave Allerdyce. There has occurred somewhere along the line an enormous lesion of identity and style, a wound that is moral rather than strictly intellectual.

Style and intention are inseparable, as anyone seriously acquainted with literature knows. With the stylistic lesion at Princeton, and at other colleges, there has occurred a loss of authority. The curriculum is a potpourri, and Princeton has lost the sense of institutional authority that once enabled it to tell its students what to study. There are plenty of clever people at Princeton, but there has been a huge falling off in other respects, and Palmer Stadium in these autumns of the 1980s is justifiably empty. Maybe it ought to be renamed the Third World Center. Maybe they should put on street theater there. But, come to think of it, "street theater" pretty accurately describes what ensues when the present-day Princeton teams take the field. Perhaps the whole disaster is a sort of generally applicable metaphor for the apparent hatred of style and distinction that has everywhere invaded our lives.

On December 21, 1918, Hobey Baker took off from Toul Airdrome in a Spad biplane with a tiger painted on its fuselage. The plane stalled and crashed. That is when Baker died. But at Princeton he really died sometime in the early 1960s, when his university forgot what it was. □



The Polyglot Thickens



The butler did it:
Shot the Pope and, kid, it
Was not one of those dirty tricks
By Vercingetorix,
Who had to milk a bul
Garian cowardvark, andropov a load of wool pull
Overs at the village ophthalmologist that very day.
Olé!
Now we've gone and spoiled the nyetwork's prime
Byzantime.
We got Fido Catastrophein':
Yurinating on the Monroe Latrine
And doing his Cuba lepre, see,

Literally,
All over the blaze;
Got our Syrious Phase
Two going in the Midyeast,
The Afghanistannoyance policed,
Western hair a sight
With punk rock fright.
The Poles? They gonna end up a lotta
Holy fodder
For *our* tanks
Giving, you don't cool 'em, Yanks.
Hey, how many divisions the Pope contrive,
Since Stalin counted 'em for Laval in '35?

—JOHANNES EFF

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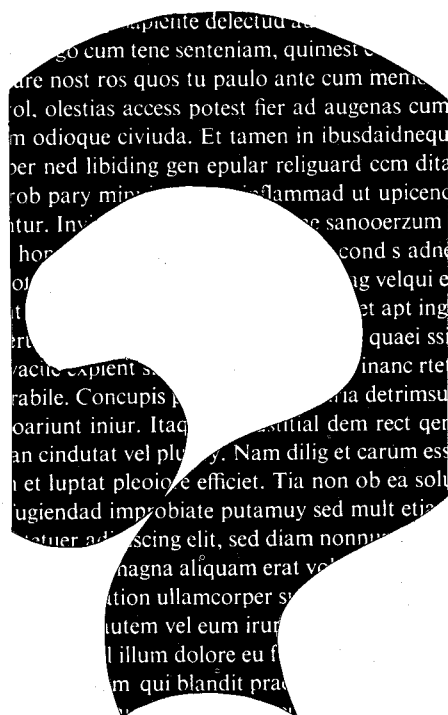
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But Can Juanito Really Read



TOM BETHELL

A BIG reported increase in the national literacy rate is one of the absolutely predictable aftermaths of all Communist revolutions, wherever they may occur. Within a year or so of a Communist takeover, the following series of developments will almost certainly be reported by the U.S. press:

There will be shortages, and they will be attributed to the larcenous behavior of the deposed oligarchs (or departing colonials, as the case may be), who will have absconded with all the money and all the spare parts. The new ideology, we will be told, is not Marxist-Leninist but rather "indigenous." The new ruler's likeness will appear on billboards, the better to exhort his subjects. But in deference to a semantic etiquette whose unwritten rules are mysteriously enforced in the U.S. press, he will be called a "leader." Land will be reformed, but there will be bad harvests nonetheless. The explanation will always be the same: unexpectedly bad weather.

There will be "bottlenecks" in the economy, "absenteeism" on the job, "corruption" in the residual private sector. There will be unexpected "red tape" in the government offices, and a suddenly discovered "need for incentives" nationwide. But rest assured, not all the news will be bad. "Human needs" will never have been so well taken care of. "Human rights" will be at an all-time high, and, most predictably of all, the literacy rate will have risen dramatically.

Always there is this business about literacy rates, and for a long time it puzzled me. The Communists would arrive and wreak their predictable havoc on the economy and in society generally; life would become progressively more militarized; and yet, in the midst of all this wreckage, slogans, queues, billboards, and militarization, there would be the claim, endlessly repeated: More people can read and write—the one undeniable success of the revolution.

According to our journalists, who tend to adopt an uncharacteristically docile view of their role whenever they arrive in a country that has recently experienced an "indigenous" revolution, the latest triumphs of literacy have occurred in Nicaragua. "For all its tribulations, the Sandinista regime has made some improvements," said Sara Medina in *Time* last year. "The literacy rate has risen from 50 per cent to 87 per cent." This summer, on the fourth anniversary of the revolution, Marlise Simons reported in the *New York Times*: "To-

day at least some of the promises to the poor appear to be coming true. The government says illiteracy has been reduced from 50 to 12 per cent, and one in three Nicaraguans is in school."

Barely a year after the revolution, Associated Press reported the claim that the illiteracy rate in Nicaragua had been reduced to "about 13 per cent." Reuters more scientifically put the figure at 12.9 per cent. "The revolution's most significant accomplishment is a campaign to teach reading and writing that has gained widespread international regard," claimed Warren Hoge in the *New York Times* two years ago. This was at least partly true. The claim of 12 per cent illiteracy had already been loudly trumpeted by TASS, the Soviet news agency, and by Xinhua, the shrill Peking radio.

Before we go any further, here are a few figures for comparison. UNESCO, the Paris-based cultural arm of the UN, which specializes in promulgating literacy statistics and is somehow regarded as authoritative in the matter, claims that the illiteracy rate worldwide is now about 30 per cent. There are said to be 824 million illiterates. In 1962, by contrast, UNESCO reported 44 per cent illiteracy and 700 million illiterates. (When I was in Paris last fall I tried to find out how these figures were arrived at, but I got nowhere. As bureaucracies go, it is perhaps the world's most indecipherable. But notice that it has devised the $E=mc^2$ of literacy-rate formulas: The rate improves, but the magnitude of the task increases. In short, we are slowly succeeding, but we need more money.)

The Cuban Model

The Soviet Union claims a 99.7 per cent literacy rate. "Observers outside Russia are agreed that these figures are a fraud," says Robert Pattison in his 1982 book *On Literacy*, "but they are interesting nonetheless because they indicate that basic education and political repression are not natural enemies."

By contrast, there are said to be *sixty million* Americans who are either illiterate or "functionally" so. This claim was made by the Vice President's wife, Barbara Bush, and reported in the *New York Times* a year ago. If this is true, the United States' literacy rate is well below the world average, certainly below Nicaragua's and of course far below the Soviet Union's.

Turn back, out of curiosity, to the

Cuban revolution, and you will find the same thing. Between January 1961 and April 1962, the *New York Times* reported a drop in the Cuban illiteracy rate from 40 per cent to 3.9 per cent. (It is now said to be 2 per cent.) "The Cuban achievement is generally considered to be a model literacy program for an underdeveloped country," *Newsweek* genially observed in 1978. Two years later *Newsweek* gave its readers a broad hint that something more than reading and writing was actually at stake, although *Newsweek's* own editors have remained impervious to the hint. "Havana has sent 1,500 teachers to Nicaragua to help in an ambitious national reading program to reduce illiteracy," the magazine reported.

Now, why would Cubans be needed to teach Nicaraguans to read? You would have thought that "indigenous" revolutionaries would be able to take care of their own reading problems. They wouldn't be teaching them Communism, would they, in the guise of a literacy program? Alan Riding, the rather obviously pro-Sandinista reporter who has been covering developments in Nicaragua for the *New York Times*, addressed this question in an article about the four-month literacy campaign that began on March 24, 1980—"the first concrete result of the leftist Sandinista revolution," as Riding called it.

He noted the following criticism: "Some conservative groups have protested that the campaign is being used to promote the Sandinista National Liberation Front, and even to indoctrinate the population along leftist lines." (You see? Conservative groups would even go that far.) But Riding was clearly anxious to protect his readers from any suggestion that literacy campaigns are doctrinal. "In the method being used here," he explained reassuringly, if mystifyingly, "developed by the Brazilian teacher Paulo Freire and known as 'conscientization' or 'liberating education,' the words selected for practice are relevant to the pupil's social and political reality." He conceded that the textbook, called *Dawn of the People*, was "unquestionably Sandinista." Indigenous, in other words: It "makes no reference to Cuba or Marx and is essentially nationalistic in content."

That was reassuring, but he also quoted Fernando Cardenal, the renegade Jesuit in charge of the program, as saying, rather less reassuringly: "There is no education that is not political. An

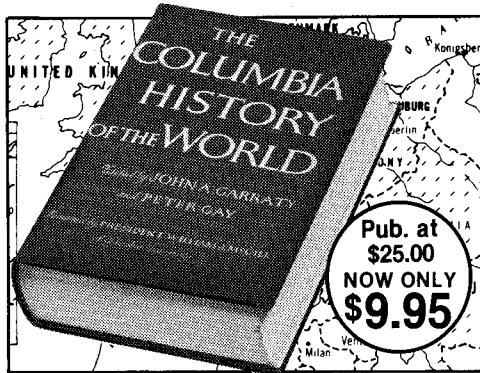
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apolitical education is also political because it is purposefully isolating."

An article about the literacy campaign published by the *Phi Delta Kappan* was so adoring of the whole thing that it did not bother to hide the ideological content. About 100,000 people (many of them teenagers) reportedly took part as instructors, setting forth into the countryside and eventually reaching about 700,000 people—one-fourth of the population. Explaining that the campaign was built "on the Cuban model," Robert Arnove, a professor of education at Indiana University, explained:

The later themes [of the primer] cover the wider topics of the struggle for national liberation, the end of exploitation by foreign and national elites, and the reforms and transformations occurring under the new Government of National Reconstruction. Each of these themes is built around emotionally charged generative words. Appropriately, the first such word is *revolución*. The words *la revolución* contain all the vowels of the Spanish alphabet. Other generative words include *liberación*, *genocidio*, and *masas populares*.

Ten days before Alan Riding's story came out in the *New York Times*, there was a more candid story in the *Washington Post* by Christopher Dickey. Here is its second paragraph: "Alvarado smiled broadly, proudly. It was less than a month since a volunteer teacher came to his home and showed him how to read his first word: 'revolution.' Now Alvarado can sign his name and sound out such sentences in the basic government-supplied primer as 'The violin is new' and 'The guerrillas vanquished the genocidal National Guard.'"

Another Dick-and-Jane passage quoted by Dickey ran as follows. "The popular Sandinista revolution initiated true democracy. The privileged classes are finished." He quoted a critic of the indoctrination program as saying: "While 'bourgeois' and 'imperialism' are part of the basic text, 'pluralism' and 'elections' are nowhere to be seen." (While we're at it, there's another educator with a political program up his sleeve.) The Sandinistas "make no apologies for such lessons," Dickey wrote, "arguing that they appeal to the basic sentiments of the peasants and workers. A frequent refrain is that keeping people in ignorance, as Somoza did, is a political act. Therefore teaching them to read is also political."

According to this argument, when someone learns to read, however neutral

his instruction, the groundwork is thereby laid for his subsequent politicization. (And Somoza cunningly denied his subjects that opportunity, keeping them in the dark about the visions and vistas that open up to the literate, political mind.) Lenin agreed with this line of reasoning. "An illiterate man is non-political," he stated succinctly in 1919. "First he must be taught to read."

Reading Is Believing

It is indeed quite likely that only intellectuals have any real appreciation of the class-struggle slogans of indigenous liberationism, or Communism, and all the other polysyllabic formulations, some cited above, that very often boil down to the injunction to hate your fellow man if he opposes your political program. So it is understandable that the disgruntled intelligentsia who invariably instigate these revolutions, and invariably do so in the name of the workers or the masses, are eager to get the peasants on their side once they have seized power.

They do so by trying to widen the literate—and thus potentially intellectual—class as rapidly as possible. There is perhaps an unconscious recognition that the quasi-religious, revolutionary zeal will rapidly dissipate once the crushing reality of Communism begins to make itself felt, and this no doubt accounts for the great sense of urgency that always accompanies these indoctrination crusades. They are done in a hurry because it is only in the first year or so that you can get volunteers to spread the good word (*revolución!*).

The great hope of literacy crusades in newly Communist countries is that the masses, once literate, will come to share the revolutionary viewpoint that is likely to remain beyond their grasp so long as they are unable to read about liberation struggles, classes, and masses. Another way of putting it is to say that the Communist dogma does not travel too well by word of mouth. Apparently you just have to read it for it to make any sense at all. In the Soviet literacy campaign of the early 1920s one slogan was "Literacy is the road to Communism!" By 1980 the wording had changed slightly, but not the meaning. "Literacy is liberation!" proclaimed billboards in Nicaragua.

All this was foreshadowed in the Cuban indoctrination campaign of 1961. As the *New York Times* then reported:

"Instead of 'a' for apple, the primer has 'a' for 'agrarian reform.' The 'c' stands for 'cooperatives of the peasants.' The illiterates learn that 'The revolution wins all battles,' and that 'We win liberty guided by Fidel.' When the pupil has learned the letters 'o,' 'e,' and 'a' he is told that they are the initials of the 'Organización de Estados Americanos.' He is taught that the OAS is an instrument of the 'imperialist United States.'

"Under the heading 'Friends and Enemies' the teacher tells the pupils that 'our greatest enemy is imperialism [the United States]' and that 'our greatest friends' are the Soviet Union, China, and other Communist countries."

Cuban subjects were threatened with severe reprisals on the job if they did not show up for these indoctrination sessions, the *Times* also reported. So much, then, for the "model literacy program" praised by *Newsweek*. (It is interesting to note, incidentally, that in 1961 the *Times* went out of its way to decode Communist language for its readers—"imperialism" equals the United States. Today it is the *Times* itself that so often needs decoding.)

Mandatory Literacy

What have we been told about Vietnam recently? "There is heavy emphasis on mass education and ending illiteracy," Seymour Hersh reported from Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) in 1979. "Some four million could not read or write in the South in 1975. And the mass-education program has the added advantage for the government of serving to re-educate the nation's youth politically." In *Literacy Training in Revolution: The Vietnam Experience*, Le Thanh Khoi reports that "the letters of the alphabet are written up on the backs of buffaloes or the hats of laborers themselves, so that the workers can review what they have learned without wasting time." The result? "Twenty per cent of Saigon's illiterates have been taught to read since installation of the Communist regime in April 1975, the official newspaper *Giai Phong* reported" (*New York Times*, March 4, 1976).

Ethiopia is the latest country where a "massive nationwide campaign" against illiteracy has been mounted. In a glowing article about the crusade, David Ottoway of the *Washington Post* said not a word about ideological content, possibly because he was unable to read

the material himself, and so knew only what he was told by the man in charge of the campaign, "a grey-haired Ministry of Education official who resembles nothing so much as a college professor." (I suppose that was meant to reassure us.) Ottoway did disclose that in Ethiopia tanks rather than buffaloes have been pressed into service as blackboards.

By 1982 Jay Ross was able to report back the good news in the *Washington Post*. In Ethiopia, since the Marxists took over, there had been a "social transformation almost unfathomable to the Western mind . . . The literacy rate has gone from 7 per cent to more than 35 per cent." In his enthusiasm for social transformation Ross made Alan Riding in Nicaragua seem like a neutral observer. The hunger for education had turned out to be quite astonishing, he reported. It came as a surprise, then, to read that the program was mandatory for those in the "ten-to-sixty age bracket." Quite a bracket.

Today the Ethiopian hunger for education has turned into literal hunger. News of a serious famine has displaced literacy statistics. Apparently the weather turned out to be unexpectedly bad.

Apart from the political aspect, how reliable are these post-revolutionary literacy figures anyway? It's hard to tell, of course, but what Professor Arnove said in that *Phi Delta Kappan* article is enough to create the suspicion that they are highly exaggerated. The poor peasants who were descended upon by the zealous young revolutionaries from Managua were tested only four months after the crusade began. The test included writing a "brief essay on one of three themes." I think we can all agree that an illiterate peasant who has to go and work in the fields all day is not going to learn to write a "brief essay" in this time, no matter how much attention he receives from ideological busybodies camping uninvited in his house.

Professor Arnove also wrote: "As mid-August approached, the national goal of enabling so many learners to complete the course and pass the five-part literacy test influenced the literacy workers to concentrate on rote drill at the expense of meaning."

I wonder how much of that rote drill the "learners" remember today, three years later? Communism is such a total failure once put into practice that its achievements—e.g., a parallel campaign to encourage neighbors to inform on one another's ideological errancy—are



most unlikely to inspire unsupervised peasants to turn back to their hate-filled primers by way of a refresher. The general tenor of life is bound to have deteriorated markedly since 1980 in Nicaragua, and the primers, if they have not already been put to better use, will probably survive only as a reminder of that bad time when the young revolutionaries arrived from the big city, and life took an abrupt turn for the worse.

Even UNESCO admits that there is a terrible problem with backsliding among the recently literate—"neo-illiteracy," it is called. This has been reported as a major problem in Yugoslavia, to give just one example. It is a sure sign that Communism is losing its grip in that country.

Value-Free Learning

It is remarkable that Western intellectuals, whose outlook the media reflect rather than create, find it so easy to believe that literacy can be assumed to be a harmless, neutral, value-free technique. It is true that reading is a skill that enables one to read either Marx or the Bible. But those who are zealous to instruct others are not indifferent as to which of the two is read. The kind of religious enthusiasm that undoubtedly does animate post-revolutionary literacy crusades is not aroused by the prospect of inculcating a mere skill. It is enthusiasm for the material itself, whether it be Christianity or Communism, that inspires missionaries and Marxists to set out into the bush.

This idea may be alien to Western notions about education, but you would have thought that when the Sandinistas

began to censor *La Prensa*, the main newspaper in Nicaragua, a warning totem would have sounded in Medialand. Censorship! But no, the media maintained an uncharacteristic silence about this interference with press freedom. In fact Michael Massing, who was then executive editor of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, no less, even contrived an apology for the censorship. "Few of the Nicaraguans we met denied the need for some type of emergency response to the threats from the U.S.," he wrote. (Yes, but those were just words that *La Prensa* was printing, and words don't break bones, unlike sticks and stones. Or are they, in reality, even more dangerous? In which case, why not a word of caution now and then about literacy campaigns?)

No doubt some of our journalists have known perfectly well what has been going on in these various "literacy" campaigns, but have chosen to say little or nothing about it because they quietly admired the revolutionary goals and realized it would be counterproductive to draw attention to them. Others, undoubtedly, were gullible enough to believe that revolutionaries who have just taken over a country at gunpoint are as value-free in their approach to education as contemporary liberals in the United States.

Many of those actually subjected to the indoctrination called literacy training may very well not have known what was happening to them. (Even there one can't be sure: Peasants suddenly confronted by *revolución*-bearing cadres are no doubt wiler than one might imagine.) In any event, Christopher Dickey reported a particularly touching comment. He wrote: "Antonio Alvarado and his family appear less interested in the political context of what they read than in the fact that they can read it."

"Now that I can do this," said Maura Alvarado, "nobody will be able to take advantage of me."

So let her read Lenin, now that she can read. It would be appropriate to give him the last word. He said in 1922:

In general, as you probably know, I do not have much sympathy for the intelligentsia, and our slogan "liquidate illiteracy" is in no way to be interpreted as being aimed at the creation of a new intelligentsia. The purpose of "liquidate illiteracy" is only that every peasant should be able to read by himself, without help, our decrees, orders, and proclamations. The aim is completely practical. No more. □

'Right On' on the Campuses

PHILIP N. MARCUS

ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM is the newest fashion on nearly forty elite campuses, a change among students not only in dress and style but also in sensibility. Tired of Sixties nihilism, bored with Seventies narcissism, looking for a future with more than designer jeans and "power dressing," students at leading institutions are taking to the printed word in a new display of traditional (what until recently were called bourgeois) values.

Last spring more than 35 new campus publications sent their editors to New York City (to the Harvard Club, no less) for a National Conference for Young Journalists. These seventy young men and women, well turned out in dress and phrase, spent the day in the company of a distinguished corps of the nation's conservative and neoconservative journalists. The force behind the conference, and the golden goose that has hatched these new publications, is the Institute for Educational Affairs (IEA), an energetic, but as yet little-known, foundation overseen by William E. Simon and Irving Kristol together with a distinguished board of scholars and businessmen.

The roll call of alternative papers is an impressive list: *Berkeley Review*, *California Review* (UC, San Diego), *Claremont Review of Books*, *Common Sense* (Brown), *Counterpoint* (Chicago), *Dartmouth Review*, *Florida Sun*, *The Guardian* (Georgetown), *Harvard Journal of Law and Public Policy*, *Hawkeye Review* (University of Iowa), *Louisville Scholar*, *Madison Report* (Princeton), *Marquette Free Press*, *Michigan Review* (Ann Arbor), *Morningside Review* (Columbia), *Northwestern Review*, *The Observer of Boston College*, *The Primary Source* (Tufts), *The Red and Blue* (Penn), *The Salient* (Harvard), *The Sequent* (George Washington), *The Statesman* (Hobart), *Student Magazine* (Colorado), *Texas Review*, *University*

Review of New Mexico, *Washington Spectator* (Seattle), *Wesleyan Adversary*, *Williams Republican*, *Yale Free Press*, and *Yale Political Monthly*.

These young journalists took counsel and encouragement from their seniors on topics such as how to cover the cultural beat, how to do political analysis, and how to make editorial judgments. Midge Decter, of the Committee for the Free World, gave a keynote speech entitled "What Is the New Alternative Journalism?" which will serve for some time as the testament for this movement. (This address has since been preserved in a booklet, available from the IEA, 310 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)

Miss Decter welcomed students to the "war of ideas" by reminding them that ideas—the study of ideas and the

The new papers are quite diverse in form and spirit, notwithstanding efforts by the media to paint them uniformly black

transmission of ideas—rule the world. "The way to battle against the wrong ideas is by a constant, unrelenting, and hopefully cheerful effort to replace these ideas in the minds of reasonable people," she said. But before providing cheer she spoke for a moment about the bleak aspects of the war.

Students in the audience knew what she was talking about when she said that they were a minority, certainly not of the American people, but of the university community and the intellectual world. "As members of a minority, you will be burdened with what you might think of as an unfair responsibility: You will have to do better than the other guys in order to be considered as good." Fortunately, that hard school teaches the need to be more lively. Conservative students actually have great advantages now because "the other

side is choking on its political and social conventionality . . . the fresh talent, the new thoughts, the intelligence, the energy are with you."

To try to create an alternative to "routinized radicalism," however, is to experience intimidation by liberals. "You will be called names and many times you will have the impulse to say, 'But I'm really a nice guy. Why am I being likened to Hitler, or why am I being held responsible for the torture in Chilean prisons?'" In such moments of character trial, said Miss Decter, "you will have to remember that it is people who have no arguments to offer who resort to insult and outrage."

For, after all, "How do you answer? How do you, for instance, if you are an opponent of the [nuclear] freeze, answer the charge that you are looking forward with joy to a nuclear war? Or if you are an opponent of women's lib, that you believe in the inferiority of women? Or if an opponent of affirmative action, that you are a racist? If you remain silent, you grant those who would silence you a victory. If you defend yourself, by which I mean denying these charges with the claim that you are so a feeling and caring person, you have once again ceded the ground by affirming the relevance, if not the substance, of the charge." The only thing to do is press the argument, and let your opponent feel your strength. The dragons of liberalism can be slain with courage.

And with courage and determination, the dragon-slayers are taking up arms all over the country, their numbers growing as rapidly as the public's own disenchantment with Great Society liberalism. As recently as two years ago, there were only two alternative campus papers—the *Dartmouth Review* in Hanover and *Counterpoint* at the University of Chicago. Next they appeared throughout the Ivy League (except at one school, whose football team is coincidentally called the Big Red). Then they took root on the West Coast and in the Big Ten, and judging from inquiries the IEA has received, the South will soon see its own editions arise. It is no accident that in the wake of the spread of liberalism—from the Northeast to the West Coast, thence to the heartland, and finally to the South—its antithesis should appear.

What is this alternative journalism? The new papers are quite diverse in form and spirit, notwithstanding efforts

Mr. Marcus is president of the Institute for Educational Affairs.

by the national media to paint them uniformly black, treating them all as if they always made the few mistakes of the best-known of the papers, the *Dartmouth Review*. In certain formal ways the papers are similar; most of them are weekly or fortnightly tabloids, about 16 pages long, and all try, earnestly or deftly, to imitate the wit of *NR*'s "The Week" section.

But there the similarities end. In format the papers range from mimeographed sheets to full-scale productions with four-color photography. Some are traditional conservative, some New Right, some neoconservative. Some go in for brinksmanship; others are so respectable as to be dull.

Another source of diversity is the different models selected by the new campus papers. About one-third adopt the style and form of the *Dartmouth Review*; the common feature of these papers is detailed coverage of campus news, curriculum matters, and faculty doings. *The American Spectator*, the irreverent chronicle of bankrupt liberalism, is the model for about one-fourth of the student papers; these papers are less interested in campus affairs and concentrate on national and international politics. Another fourth or so of the papers wish to become serious journals of opinion, to create a new forum for questioning public policy and its premises; for them, *The Public Interest* sets the intellectual standard to which they aspire. The remainder have chosen the form of the "little magazine," attempting the difficult task of cultural and literary commentary. It is these publications that have the most professional look and have won the highest praise from the faculty; they have also been conveniently ignored by liberal critics of the movement.

Readers on campus and off have been stirred by the editors' daring to puncture liberal and academic myths. On average, about 60 per cent of each campus community reads its alternative paper; the *Dartmouth Review* takes the honors for attention-getting with an estimated 89 per cent of its college's audience. Several papers print as many copies for alumni as they do for the market on campus. In total, readers exceed a hundred thousand, and may reach several hundreds of thousands. Collectively (pardon the word) their audience is large and significant.

What does it cost to publish a paper? The average annual budget is about

\$15,000, or the cost of a year's tuition at one of the better private schools. However, the range is wide: from about \$5,000 for a literary quarterly up to \$70,000 for a weekly. An average issue costs about \$1,500 to produce.

These editors are still students, not

There are dozens of new champions of traditionalism throughout the country, each combatting wrong ideas with right ones

professional publishers. Yet they raise from 30 to 50 per cent of their own funds each year by selling advertising space, another 25 per cent from subscription income (chiefly from alumni), and the rest by scramble and sweat. They all are entrepreneurs; they are becoming small businessmen.

By now it is easy to predict the reception of a new paper. From administrators, some deplorable acts of intimidation, including threats of legal action and the denial of student rights. From faculty, general outrage and harassment, but some instances of support. The majority of the editors' fellow students express mild encouragement, although the usual slander from the Left has also led to sporadic acts of violence, threats, and attempted censorship. From alumni and parents comes a roar of relief and praise. Judging from the comparatively

civilized response by administrators at state-supported schools, it would appear that they know perfectly well that the public has considerable sympathy for these embattled students with traditional ideas.

What is left to be said, as Midge Decter reminds us, "is how much fun all this is. I mean fun in the very highest sense: of being energized, entertained, and uplifted by what one is doing. Earlier I used the word cheerful. Nothing is more cheering than to speak one's mind openly and clearly. And nothing will better accomplish our end, yours and mine, and put our opponents permanently out of countenance, than the sight of us all going about our business with good cheer and in high spirits. We, you and I, have been afforded the opportunity to do just that. Not so many are. For that, we should all be grateful."

For that we are all grateful. Yet that chance, or rather its denial on too many campuses, is precisely the reason alternative student papers have emerged. There are now dozens of new champions of traditionalism throughout the country, each combatting wrong ideas with right ones, and each capturing the attention of readers in its own way. But unique as they are, they share a sense of unity in the war of ideas against campus leftists who, in their alleged love for the First Amendment, have until now excluded conservatives and unwittingly denied themselves the experience of academic freedom. □



Afghan freedom fighters reading the *Yale Free Press*, delivered to them, in Afghanistan, by *Free Press* reporters Charles Bork and Greg D'Elia.

THE AMERICA'S CUP

A Last Hurrah

NICHOLAS KING

NEWPORT—There is substantial expectation here, fearful or otherwise, that *Australia* will sail away with the America's Cup toward the end of this month. If so, the longest winning streak in history, as the sports-writers say, will have been broken.

For the United States to lose the legendary trophy would be, on paper at least, a terrible blow. Since 1851, when the schooner *America* won the Cup in a race around the Isle of Wight, 25 different challenges, originally British but in latter years chiefly Australian, have tried and failed, and in most cases failed ignominiously, to win it away.

But this year the opinion crystallized throughout the summer that *Australia II*, the boat with the original "appendage" keel, and the outstanding challenger in a five-nation field, would be capable of beating anything the Americans could put up. And this opinion was firmly held in the full knowledge that the American defender would possess every attribute that sailing skill and high technology could devise.

Four Out of Seven

No one can, of course, foresee the idiosyncrasies of weather in Rhode Island Sound, meaning mainly the treacherous lightness of the pre-equinoctial breeze; nevertheless, it is taken for granted that *Australia II*, in any circumstances, has a good deal more than a fighting chance of finishing first four times out of seven around the 24-mile triangular course. This is the setting, and the suspense already is tremendous.

But even if the Americans pull it off once again and keep the prize for yet another space, it is difficult to imagine that this great contest of the America's Cup can remain what it has been, even though the date has already been officially chosen for the next challenge (1987), and the planners and plotters are undoubtedly looking ahead to that.

If *Australia II* does win over *Liberty*, then the tall, silver, stiff-necked pitcher

that is the America's Cup, now gleaming inside a glass cage in the stately purloins of the New York Yacht Club, will be unbolted and taken away to the Antipodes. There it will await the victory of an American skipper to bring it home across 12,000 miles.

This would mean the end of the America's Cup, at least the race the world knows now. For while it is perfectly possible for an American 12-meter of the future to beat a future Australian defender, is it likely to happen, or happen more than once? Rich American amateurs have so far willingly paid millions of dollars to finance the defense of the Cup in Newport; will they do the same for a contest in an unknown country where nobody but a few officials and wire-service reporters will be on hand to applaud or even to recognize what they are doing?

Would the discipline and dedication now displayed by volunteer crews repeat themselves half a remote world away? How easily would the skippers, with the best of intentions, enter a new and even hostile environment? There has been talk of removing the Cup races from Newport in any case and transferring the contest to a permanent venue, perhaps in California, where it would be held every time no matter who happened to be the title-holder. But that would end the spirit of the Cup for good; if there is a soul to the competition, it is the precarious, almost mystical state of possession bound to a haphazard place.

Yet even supposing that the Americans win once more this year, can the Cup races ever be the same again, especially at Newport? There are many who doubt it, not only because the event has become a chimera of incomprehension, but also because there is a question of whether it is a yacht race any longer in the classic sense. Twelve-meter racing in conditions developed by the Cup competition has become so highly specialized a sport that it is beyond the reach and sometimes even the sympathy of the amateur enthusiast. It is surely

ly symbolic, if not surprising, that the crowds that gather on the Newport piers to bid welcome or good luck to the coming and going Twelves rarely see the boats under any sail.

And then the ill-will and suspicion generated by the quarrel over *Australia II*'s keel and the officious attempt by the American side to eliminate what was by far the most threatening challenger cannot easily be blown away. Nor can its cynical last-minute attempt to copy it. Whatever the result of the current races, the Americans—and the New York Yacht Club, which runs the show—have been caught trying to protect their chances by the use of technical pretexts whose purpose contrasts ironically with the time-hallowed spirit of competition.

Tourists Abounding

None of this has affected, at least so far, the scene in Newport itself, where the tourists are running into the hundreds of thousands. The old town, much of it restored to its eighteenth-century originality, has turned itself into another high-priced New England seaport strip, strewn with archly named boutiques, knowing cafés and restaurants, and souvenir art galleries. The countries that have sponsored challengers—France, Britain, Italy, Canada, and, of course, Australia—have entered the public-relations lists to varying degrees. Many famous brand names, including Louis Vuitton, Cinzano, Cointréau, and San Pellegrino, lead the parade, fully matched on the American side by makers of watches, sneakers, and a dozen other apposite products, even seasickness pills. One of the chief celebrities has been the English businessman Peter de Savary, who paid more than £5 million to finance and direct the British challenger and its "campaign," as individual yachting efforts are artlessly called, and whose presence is supported by a fleet of glamorous automobiles parked at his dock, and a movie-star motor yacht and entertainment, which included an immense ball featuring Prince Andrew and the Irish Guards band.

Mr. King, who heads the Foreign Press Center in New York, is from an old Newport family and owns a home there.

Crowds flow in and out of the pavilion-like national yachting headquarters and various local reception centers as if they were visiting a trade fair. They pour into an Australian folklore exhibit set up in an old stone textile mill, after picking up ballpoint pens distributed by a spaghetti manufacturer backing the *Azzurra*, which bear the words, "Italy's Number-One Pasta."

The tourists themselves are mostly middle-aged preppies in pink and green and navy blue who can be counted on to drift up the hill for paid visits to the nineteenth-century Newport palaces in which the yachtsmen of an earlier age—Vanderbilts, Morgans, Astors—spent their summers long before the America's Cup came to Newport from New York Harbor, which was fifty years ago. The young summer casuals—rock fans, gays, potheads, motorbikers, and highway children in general—show up, but not, so far, in sufficient numbers to take serious possession.

The disappearance of the America's Cup, some say, would "ruin" Newport. The local merchants certainly make

their hay, and there is the usual indignant protesting in return. But Newport has clearly established itself as the yachting capital of the Atlantic seaboard, and will endure as such with or without the race. There are dozens of other sailing classics: the Bermuda and Annapolis races; the New York Yacht Club cruise itself and attendant regattas; various transatlantic races that either end or begin here; and even those round-the-world odysseys that stretch the record books.

Newport Summer

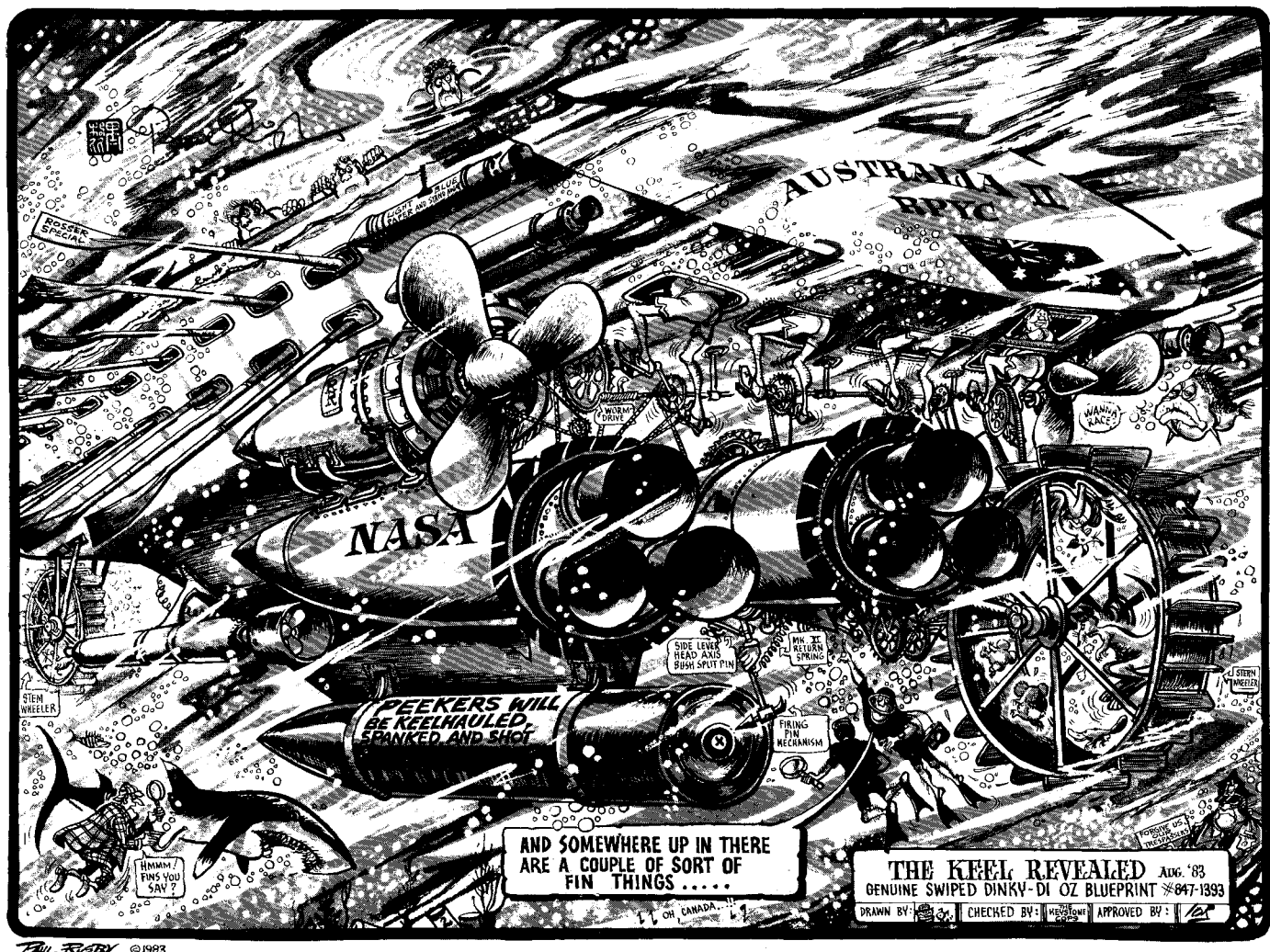
The up-and-coming Museum of Yachting at Fort Adams, which promises one day to be a major institution, has initiated an old-yacht regatta each September, this year coming before the Cup contest, with 100-foot schooners and even some "old" 12-meters. There you can see close up the glory of sail in action, something that cannot be said for the America's Cup races themselves. To the spectator the latter are in fact

mostly invisible, little more than moth-like maneuverings on the horizon.

The old Newport summer world, which used to be closely connected with the races, through either active participation or social contact, has long been separated from the Cup entirely. Members of the syndicates go to the big parties or even, like de Savary or the Aga Khan, give them. But the modern racing sailors have neither the time nor the patience for classic social life; they relax as they work by the numbers, and in the evenings they shut themselves up behind the gates of the rented mansions like anchorites of old.

Nor does Newport itself have much of a presence in pleasure yachts any more. The boats that bob along the finish line are likely to be registered in Wilmington, Delaware, ugly corporate baubles animated by a quite different gusto. No more sleek black or white steam yachts with graceful bowsprits and raked orange funnels. No more *Enchantresses* or *Corsairs* or *Nourmahals*. Not even any more American or British

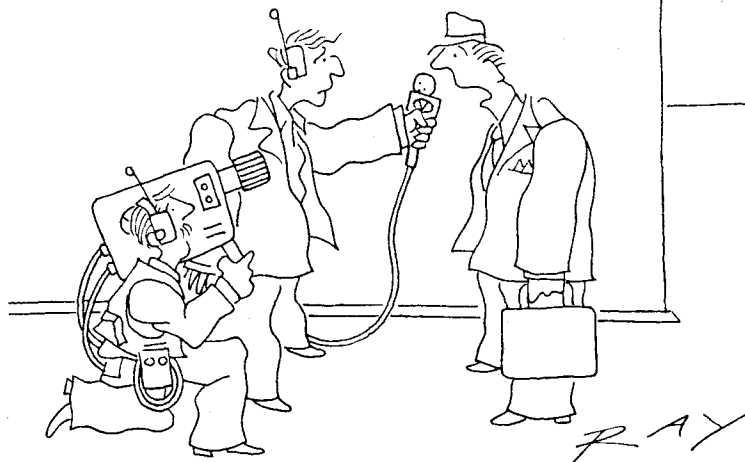
(Continues on page 1232)



The Br'er Rabbit Gambit

While watching Mondale's creeping polls
Anticipate his party goals,
As Glenn, still stagnant, hopes a flick
Will garner raves and do the trick,
We really ought to root for Fritz,
Although they'd call us hypocrites,
Because, if Mondale wins his match,
Ron winds up in the briar patch.

W. H. VON DREELE

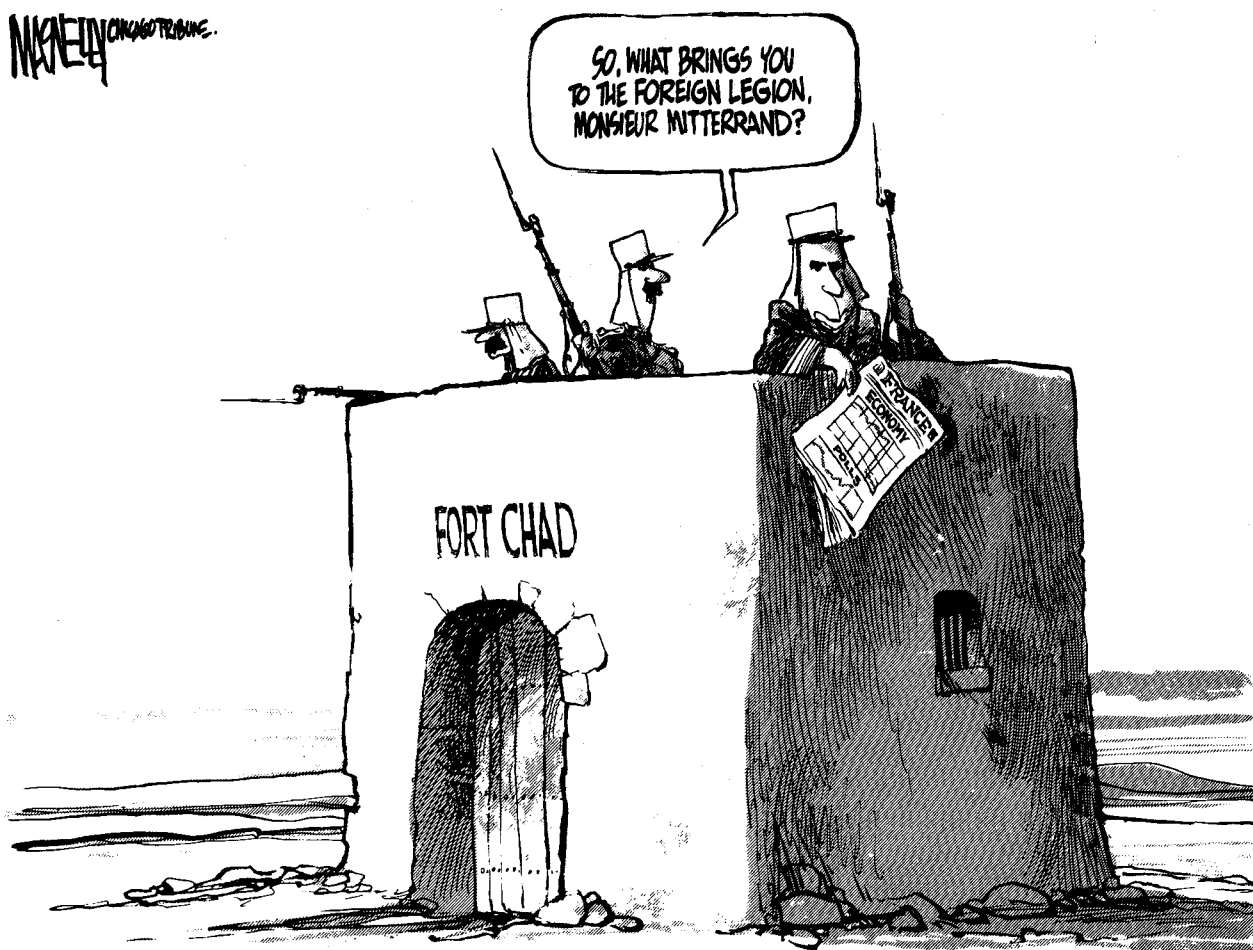


"I guess you could say I'm a born-again conservative."





MALT



A Soviet Deserter Tells Why

V. RYBAKOV

WE MET Anatoly Zakharov in a partially destroyed house not far from the Pakistani border. Zakharov, who had been a soldier in the Soviet occupational forces in Afghanistan, is now a prisoner of the Afghan patriots. I could not help thinking, as I approached the house in the middle of the night, that I, a former sergeant in the Red Army, could have found myself in his place.

Zakharov, a tall, husky 19-year-old, met us dressed in traditional Afghan robes, hands folded on his stomach in the typical Moslem fashion. He looked solemn, calm, somewhat sad. Our video-equipment operator was surprised both at the strangeness of Zakharov's appearance and because he looked healthy and well fed. Our conversation began at once, and we spoke freely, as if he were a free man, not a prisoner.

Soviet Army Life

Zakharov's background is similar to that of millions of other young men in the Soviet Union: He went to school, got a job, was drafted into the army.

"When did you first hear of Afghanistan?"

"A long time ago. I was studying in Leningrad. One day a drunken stranger came up to me, pointed his finger, and said, 'You're going to be sent to Afghanistan.'"

"Did you and your friends talk about Afghanistan?"

"No. When I got drafted everyone said I wouldn't be sent to Afghanistan, but I was. You know, I wanted to go into the army; I thought that I would find friendship there and a good life. Some people argued with me, said that army life was bad, but I didn't believe them.

"Then, when we new draftees were being transported, we stopped off at a school gymnasium in the town of Kuybishev. There the sergeants and the elders [long-time servicemen] took away our watches, our money, all our valu-

ables, and then they beat us up. I thought then that this was some kind of initiation—that they beat us and robbed us because we were still civilians. Things were better in Tashkent, at our training camp, where all the draftees lived together."

"How long were you kept in Tashkent?"

"A month, until we were sworn in. Then they took us right away, by plane, to Afghanistan. In Kabul they split us up into different units. I ended up in a unit that guarded warehouses. We lived in tents, in an army camp. The elders and the sergeants told us right away, 'We were beaten, now we're going to beat you.' They beat us, even while we stood in assembly, mostly with their feet and elbows. They tried not to let the officers notice. They did this every day, a few times each day. The sergeants in Kabul were worse than any we had run across yet—they were real animals. In Afghanistan everyone gets demoralized almost at once. They just kept saying, 'We were given a hard time, now it's our turn to make you suffer.' They would always try to hit us where it hurt the most. Mostly it was the career sergeants, who had already served some years."

"What about the officers?"

"The officers try to keep out of it, they depend on the elders and the sergeants. Our platoon leader, Lieutenant Galiapin, lived with his wife in a specially fenced-in tent. He was drunk most of the time. Most officers live with their wives, but I saw no children at all. They are all waiting for the houses that are being built for them to be finished."

"Were there any unusual incidents you would like to tell us about?"

"Sure, a lot. A few times the guys couldn't take the beatings anymore and would shoot at the sergeants. They would get 15-year sentences and get sent back to the Soviet Union, though Kabul has a military prison as well. Many of us smoked hashish. The Afghans would exchange it for all kinds

of stuff. Once two guys swapped hashish for bullets; one was sentenced to nine years in prison, the other to six years."

"Did anyone sell weapons to the Afghans?"

"No, I haven't heard of that. But I too had an incident. We were supposed to pull guard duty 24 hours on and 24 hours off, but sometimes we would be on duty for two, maybe three days. The Afghan climate is lousy, and the Afghans keep shooting at you—once I myself heard bullets whistle by. And when you get back from duty, the elders and sergeants beat you. So once I just left my post. They wanted to court-martial me at first, but instead they just transferred me from Kabul to Kunduz. Then there were rumors that we were all going to be sent to Lebanon, but this never actually happened. I guess they wanted us to protect someone in Lebanon . . ."

Brutality in the Camps

Zakharov's smile doesn't go beyond his lips; it seems as if all of this recent past happened a very long time ago. You get the feeling that this man is changed, that he is still hurting from the disappointment of military service. He had hoped it would be a fraternity of strong men, but it turned out to be a nightmare full of hatred and pettiness. Zakharov reminisces some more. Once, a sergeant, after smoking hashish, screamed that Zakharov had not done a good job of cleaning the showers and stabbed him with a bayonet. It happens a lot—"Ukrainians beat the Russians, the Russians beat the Tadzhiks, the Turkomans, the Tartars; the Turkomans also beat the Tadzhiks."

"Was there a lot of hashish smoked in Kunduz too?"

"No, very little hashish in Kunduz. There weren't many peaceful Afghans there. There was a lot of shooting, especially at our trucks. In Kunduz, the trucks travel at eighty miles an hour, but still a lot of guys get killed."

Zakharov has little to say about the

This article originally appeared in Possev, a Russian-language magazine published in West Germany by Soviet émigrés. The interviewer, V. Rybakov, is a reporter for Possev. The article was translated for NR by Si Frumkin.

"I didn't see it myself, but I heard a lot about chemical weapons. The soldiers talked about the smell of poison gas at the airports. One paratrooper told me about an engagement where they used gas. He said that the gas masks were poorly made—a lot of guys had their eyes hurt by the gas. When I was in a hospital for a few days I saw soldiers who had gone blind from the gas and others whose skin had turned black from chemical weapons. That's all I know about it."

"I was assigned to a construction battalion—we were building helicopter hangars. The airfield there is very large. There were hardly any Russians; most of the men were Georgians, Tadzhiks, and Armenians. It was even harder there for the newcomers than in Kabul. We lived in barracks, but the officers al-

"I walked for a long time, without hope. I kept thinking: Some Afghans could turn me over to the Russians, others could hang me for being a Russian. Then I couldn't take it anymore and went into a house. An Afghan gave me half a melon. I was very hungry, and they didn't feed us all that well at Kun-

"I ate, and then another Afghan saw me. He started yelling something and I ran. Afghans were chasing me and I just kept running, as long as I could. Then they caught me and took me some place where there was an Afghan who spoke Russian. I told them everything. Now I am with them."

Zakharov's case, of course, is not typical; most captured Soviet soldiers are killed by the Afghans, partly because of the conditions of guerrilla warfare.

As we left, Zakharov thanked us for the books and magazines we had brought him, turned, and went back to the house, to his new life. □



1. The Difference William Bennett Made

JACOB NEUSNER

SINCE 1978 I have been a member of the National Council on the Humanities, the citizens' advisory council that passes on grants made by the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). From the time I came aboard, I have persisted in asking four questions: "What are we talking about? What are we doing? Why does it matter? Where does the taxpayer fit in?" In those days they were not the questions to ask. If I had gotten good answers to any of these questions, maybe I wouldn't have had to keep asking myself another question: Why was federal support for the humanities such a mess?

The answer goes back to the Great Society, when professors in the human-

ities—languages, history, literature, philosophy, the academic study of religion, and the like—organized to get federal support. Not far behind were supporters of the arts. And why not? After all, the sciences had long been getting funds from the Federal Government. Congress agreed, and for a decade and a half has continued to agree (correctly, in my opinion) that, in some limited ways, there is a public interest to be served through support for the arts and humanities. So the two Endowments were set up.

But it is easier to agree that there is a public interest than to define just what it is. Under the Carter Administration, as under many of its predecessors, the definition was rather broad.

As Michael Mooney puts it in his classic *The Ministry of Culture: Connections among Art, Money, and Politics*, "If they did it, it was *art*; and if they talked about it, it was *humanities*."

How did things work during the Carter years, when Joseph Duffey reigned at the NEH? Not bad, not good.

Not bad: Programs to support solid scholarly research, producing important books and articles; programs to maintain libraries; programs to improve the teaching of the humanities in schools and colleges, all well within the framework of the maintenance of the national institutions of education and culture.

Not good: Street fairs celebrating ethnic culture. Kids going around with tape recorders and asking their grandparents to reminisce, in the name of the humanities. Decisions from on high to favor one interest group over another (high among the favored: women's studies and union-sponsored "humanities programs" to get people to "read books and talk about them").

Then, in November 1980, there was an election, and a new boy came to town. What changed at the Endowment? Nothing at all for nearly 12 months, as Duffey's term ran out and the appointment of his replacement awaited White House attention. In the meantime, Washington and the world rang with the cries of the injured as President Reagan made known his intention to cut the budget of the Endowments in half. The word soon was out that the new Administration was against culture.



Scully, *Punch*

Rothco

"First the magic went out of my marriage, now it's gone out of my Volvo."

Mr. Neusner is University Professor at Brown University. . . . Mr. Bennett is chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

That is essentially where matters stood as of Christmas 1981, when William Bennett took over as the new director of the NEH. At least no one could quarrel with his credentials. He came to Washington with both a PhD in philosophy and a law degree, as well as years of experience in higher education and in the administration of institutions of learning and of humanistic scholarship. He had already made a success of the National Humanities Center in North Carolina, assuming its leadership after the tragic murder of its founder, Charles Frankel.

In his first year, Bennett did such a thorough job of house-cleaning within his own staff that he was able to return more than half a million dollars to the Treasury—from *one office*.

But he did far more than wield the budget axe. Bennett systematically studied each of the NEH's operating divisions—research programs, fellowship programs, education programs, public programs (e.g., grants to museums and television), state programs (state-based humanities programs, mandated by Congress), and what was then called “special programs,” meaning, as an NEH staffer explained, “pretty much everything else.”

Bennett determined that everything about the humanities is, by definition, public. That is why the NEH no longer sponsors “private programs” as against public ones. He brought together museums, TV support, and similar mass-

education activities and abolished “special programs” entirely, replacing them with a new division called “general programs.”

The old “special programs” had been the soft underbelly of the Endowment, the nightmare of those of us on the Council who kept asking, “What’s humanistic about ethnic street fairs? What’s humanistic about programs to heighten consciousness? What difference do they make?” Under Bennett the bad old questions turned out to be the right ones after all—and Bennett also wanted to know the answers.

Making Sense

The main problem, Bennett understood, hadn’t been budgets, let alone administrative arrangements. The problem was intellectual, focusing on two questions: What are the humanities? What should the Federal Government do about them? Bennett answered these questions simply and intelligently.

He spoke of the principal fields of humanistic learning: history, literature, language. These form the core. When we encourage the preservation of the records of history, when we encourage the learning and correct use of languages—our own and others—when we encourage the appreciation of literature, we serve the national interest.

Then Bennett started to make the NEH itself a model for the careful, correct usage of words. He worked with

Richard Ekman, the new and brilliant head of the education division, to reorganize the work of that division into categories that made sense. Now the NEH can explain, sensibly and precisely, what its education programs do, how we know when they succeed, how we know when they fail. The key words: Back to basics.

Bennett and his staff put forth a set of definitions telling how programs for the general public would relate to humanistic learning. All was done with the philosopher’s sense of precision in language and the lawyer’s instinct for the power of words.

In his less than two years as head of the NEH, Bennett has transformed the position into the bully pulpit for humanistic discourse that it was meant to be. He tells people that the term “humanities” is itself in danger of becoming meaningless. He reminds them that philosophy, history, and literature aren’t the same thing as “personal development.” Finally, he points out that “intellectual refinement and spiritual elevation are the traditional goals of the humanities and should remain so.”

He came to Washington to speak of greatness: “Great works, important bodies of knowledge, and powerful methods of inquiry constitute the core of the humanities and sustain the intellectual, moral, and political traditions of our civilization.” He’s one chairman any conservative should be proud to quote. □

2. A Question of Values

WILLIAM J. BENNETT

IN RECENT YEARS, there has been a great deal of talk about the humanities and their relevance to questions of public policy. Much of this talk has come from people who believe that the direct application of the humanities to public policy will not only illuminate political issues, but will also justify and strengthen the humanities themselves.

Their reasoning goes like this: If the humanities can demonstrate their usefulness—for example, by proposing the “correct” U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union or developing the “best” plan for nuclear weapons—then the humanities

will gain the support of parents, students, academic administrators, government officials, foundation executives, union leaders, and other citizens. There will be more money for the humanities from public bodies as well as from private institutions, more humanities courses, more students registering for those courses, more humanities centers and institutes, more general-audience programs in the humanities, and more jobs for humanities professionals.

Now, I am hardly against humanities centers (I helped to found one) or jobs for humanities professionals (I have a

very good one myself). And I am not saying that empire building is always a bad thing. But the primary goal of the humanities should not be empire building or acclaim. Rather, it should be the cultivation of educated men and women.

Such cultivation will not occur if humanities teachers and students try to turn themselves into political problem-solvers and social engineers. The basic humanities disciplines will not be advanced, and essential humanities activities will not be maintained, if humanities people attune their courses more

to the front-page headlines than to the contents of great books.

We should not encourage extravagant expectations about the value of study in the humanities. This may lead to misrepresentation. The humanities do not magically reveal the best strategy for reducing unemployment, the proper mix of weapons for our armed forces, or the right level of government assistance to needy people. As Yeats wrote in "On Being Asked for a War Poem": "I think it better that in times like these / A poet's mouth be silent, for in truth / We have no gift to set the statesman right." If we try to justify the humanities by what they cannot do (or can do only rarely, in the hands of very few), we will undermine respect and support for what they should be doing most of the time.

It is no accident that some of the most successful projects supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities—the King Tut exhibit, most prominently; along with countless reading, lecture, and discussion projects on the local level—have had no direct connection to contemporary political and social issues. People will pay attention to the humanities and support the humanities—but they will do so over the long run only if the humanities remain

true to themselves, for it is in fidelity to their purpose that they find their power.

So, I reject the view that the humanities should be taught because they provide us with techniques for solving political and social problems. But if Holmes is right that the true remedy for most of our social ills is for us to grow more civilized, then the humanities do have a powerful part to play.

Policy's Framework

I hold to the view that the humanities provide us with an indispensable framework for the civilized development of public policy. They do so because they deal with the heart of politics, the questions that lie beneath the surface of events—questions about justice, obligation, freedom, liberty, and order. And the humanities address these matters less by attacking current issues than by developing an intellectual, moral, and imaginative framework for thought and action.

In just such a way, the humanities have nurtured some profound and powerful forces in our public life. Consider such great American leaders as James Madison in the eighteenth century, Abraham Lincoln in the nineteenth,

and Martin Luther King Jr. in our own time. They were students not of public policy, but of the humanities—of religion, literature, philosophy, history, and the classics. They read the Bible, Vergil, Aristotle, and Shakespeare. They knew and told stories. And, because of the books they read and the stories they knew, they thought about the shape, character, ambivalence, and destiny of individual lives.

These men were steeped in a tradition of literature, political thought, and religious metaphor. They worked from that tradition, which they made part of their own sensibility, and through it addressed the present. And Heaven knows they have been heard.

We can help maintain and strengthen the civilized framework for public policy, not by dragging the humanities kicking and screaming into every political debate but by doing excellent work in the disciplines of the humanities themselves. If we teach the great works of the humanities well and if our students read them with care, the humanities' contribution to civic life, though perhaps not obvious, will be great nonetheless. In the long run, it will be great to the degree that it aims not at the particulars of public policy but at the mind and sensibility of the citizen. □

Ministry of Truth: 1983

The President gives Moyers most of the credit for what he regards as his staff's proudest achievement in his first 18 months as President—the record-breaking 56 messages he sent to the 89th Congress in the first ninety days of 1965, the LBJ blueprint for the Great Society. It was Moyers who rode herd on the 14 Great Society task forces, composed mainly of academicians, during the summer of 1964. . . . He also pulled together suggestions from some fifty government departments and agencies for the President's State of the Union speech and subsequent messages.

—Charles Roberts, *LBJ's Inner Circle* (1965)

Bill Moyers, 49, former Peace Corps deputy director, is host of the CBS-TV series, Our Times with Bill Moyers. He was interviewed for U.S.A. Today by freelance writer Morgan Strong.

—U.S.A. Today (1983)

Memo to: John Siegenthaler, Editorial Director,
U.S.A. Today

From: Vic Gold

Subject: Mediamorphosis of Bill Moyers

No chilling effect intended, John, but re your June 6 "Inquiry" page, I am puzzled as to the Orwellian editorial judgment that went into the choice of what to highlight about the interviewee's government career. Surely a White House aide capable of producing 56 presidential messages in ninety days and riding herd on 14 LBJ task forces deserves to be introduced to young readers as something more than a mere "former Peace Corps deputy director." Or could it be that the erstwhile herd-rider himself chose modesty as the better part of imagery—especially since Moyers's main CBS mission these days seems to be baiting the Reagan Administration for its efforts to lasso runaway Great Society programs? Please advise.



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Nuclear Invasion

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR, religious confusions multiply. In my own parish recently, Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond, Virginia, was asked about the most massive military build-up in history, which far exceeds even Hitler's. The good bishop's reply was saccharin sweet: We should "love the Russians." In some transcendental sense, by this logic, Bishop Sullivan may have "loved Hitler." That would not have been enough to end the concentration camps.

Our problem today, however, is not the Russians. As the heroic Sakharov has once again shown, in the recent letter he smuggled to *Foreign Affairs*, the Russian people know nothing about Soviet nuclear policies, nor about Afghanistan, nor about any of the decisions made in their name. So it is not hard to love the Russians. It is not difficult, even, to wish most urgently to help them revolutionize the horrible regime, worse than Somoza's, which diminishes them. Our problem is to constrain a tiny band of tyrants, the Fourteen Families of the Politburo and the inner circle of the army, Party, and KGB ruling cliques.

Most serious, then, is the evasion of reality among some Catholic and other theologians concerning this Soviet inner circle. A bright, up-and-coming young Jesuit named David Hollenbach, for example, has just published *Nuclear Ethics* (Paulist Press), a book in many ways quite good, although marked by a touch of the dread some Catholic theologians seem to suffer these days about losing the esteem of the Left. Father Hollenbach is no pacifist. Still, he is struck by a certain plausibility in some of the arguments of pacifists; he could better marshal against pacifism, I think, all the arguments—political, theological, and moral—that he must know of, since he is not a pacifist.

The crunch comes in Hollenbach's last chapter, which he calls "Deterrence—The Hardest Question." It is gratifying to see him reject the distinction the Catholic bishops almost made in their

pastoral, in which they at first would permit the *possession* of nuclear weapons, but not the *intention* of ever using them. Moreover, Hollenbach goes some way in clarifying the key notion of "intention." To intend to *deter*, he says, is not the same as to intend to *use*.

Here, however, struggling nobly, Hollenbach makes an erroneous step, parallel to the one he spotted in the pastoral. He wishes to say it's all right to deter but never, never correct to use a nuclear weapon. In the real world, this position cannot be maintained. Weapons do not deter; the will to use deters. If you wish never to use nuclear weapons, and never to have them used against you, you must hold it morally necessary to use them in certain contingencies.

Next, Hollenbach establishes two criteria for maintaining the nuclear forces now in existence. All policy choices must make the use of nuclear weapons less likely and the reduction of existing armaments through negotiations more likely. Using these two criteria, he argues against the MX and the deployment of Pershing IIs in Europe.

Hollenbach correctly asserts that good moral judgment requires concrete historical and political judgment, not mere armchair abstraction. Yet his entire chapter on deterrence is vitiated by the latter, for he never once considers *who* is to be deterred and *which weapons* are to be deterred. He devotes not even a paragraph to the Soviet regime, its strategic assets, its strategic doctrines and proclivities, and the range of major concrete contingencies that regime has patiently planned for.

As the very word suggests, and as the French word *dissuasion* more clearly specifies, deterrence is in some measure psychological. No one can discuss it intelligently without a clear account of who, in what capacities, is to be deterred. Some nations are not deterred in the same way others are.

Hollenbach doesn't want the U.S. to have the MX because it may be per-

ceived as a first-strike weapon. *Who strikes the king must kill.* One hundred MX missiles cannot possibly kill any but a small proportion of Soviet ICBMs. Further, Hollenbach says nothing about the current Soviet capacity to launch a first strike against all 1,052 U.S. ICBMs. How does he plan to deter that, as on his theory he must?

Hollenbach doesn't want NATO to have the Pershing II, because its six-minute flight time will oblige the Soviets to switch to "launch on warning." This is totally unlikely, as a moment's reflection will show; NATO is no offensive threat. Meanwhile, just how does Hollenbach advise policymakers to deter the Soviet SS-20s, whose numbers grow like silent trees on the edges of Europe? What does deter the Soviets?

Hollenbach wants arms-control negotiations, which will produce arms reductions. He shows no insight into—gives not even a moment's thought to—*how* to negotiate with the Soviets in, as he puts, this "world which is not fully rational and which is broken by sinfulness." What makes the Soviets negotiate?

A DISCUSSION of deterrence that omits the one regime in the world against which all real-world deterrence is, in fact, directed violates Hollenbach's own canons of concreteness, political judgment, and moral responsibility. It will only be when Hollenbach shows *what* is to be deterred that his discussion of deterrence will carry conviction.

Finally, Hollenbach disparages "innovations in technological capacity and strategic thinking," as if all innovation would consign political intelligence "to the currents of irrational purposes and deadly imaginings." Exactly the reverse is true. The current situation abounds in what he fears. As Albert Wohlstetter shows in *Commentary* (June 1983), innovation fed by moral and political intelligence may render current weapons systems obsolete. The future can be better than the present. Thinking in "entirely new ways" (Vatican II) is a continuous process; it should not be frozen where we are.

Finally, more than 85 per cent of arms spending goes for *conventional* forces. Hollenbach says he wants to trim the arms race. He proposes policies certain to expand it. He makes the best argument the Left has. But it's not good enough. □

Death Wish

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

JAMES BURNHAM wrote a remarkable book (*The Suicide of the West*) and Malcolm Muggeridge a remarkable article ("The Great Liberal Death Wish") about the tendency toward self-destruction in modern Western civilization. Now, just as an individual who accidentally crashes into a tree while driving a hundred miles an hour can neither legally nor theologically be called a suicide, so, with nations, not all forms of self-destruction fall under the categories discussed by Burnham and Muggeridge.

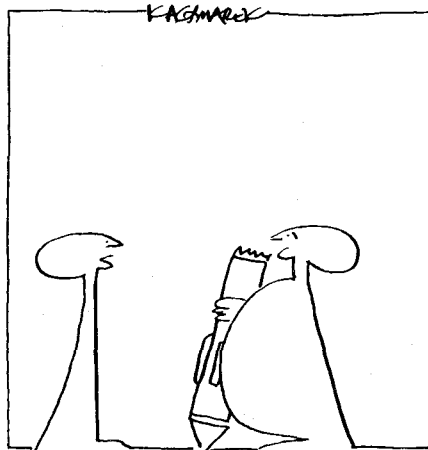
The Ancien Régime in France, for example, unknowingly relied on obsolete institutions, engaged in unwise policies, and ignored the dangers posed by leftist ideologies, and in due course it became extinct. However, one cannot accuse it of suicide, since it struggled valiantly for survival and had a strong will to live, as demonstrated, among other ways, by the high birth rate among its aristocracy.

The subconscious death wish that Burnham and Muggeridge examine manifests itself far more subtly. Those afflicted with it are on the moderate Left (which in America arrogates the name "liberal"). Perhaps out of a feeling of inferiority, these half-hearted representatives of the Marxist ideology that dominates the East behave as if they expect and desire their own annihilation. While the Soviets can openly embrace a coherent system of political thought, these Western liberals must pay their respects, publicly at least, to a hodge-podge faith that gets its values from everywhere—the French Revolution, the Enlightenment, diluted Christianity, humanism, behaviorism, and social welfarism. They stand for everything and nothing. They feel weak, lacking in conviction, compared to the vigorous, young, unspoiled, and enthusiastic East. It matters little that their perception has no basis in reality. Are the Chinese younger than the French? The Russians younger than the Ameri-

cans? Right now those suffering from the most acute form of this death wish are to be found in the ranks of the European peace movement. The symptoms are all too apparent: the self-sacrificial, even masochistic expectation that they may be overpowered and enslaved by the masses from the East. As for their own people, they deserve whatever happens to them because they continue to wallow in the luxury of capitalism and liberty while the people of the East have toiled selflessly for a progressive and glorious tomorrow.

Fighting for Peace

The peace movement works assiduously, bravely, and brutally for the demise of the West. Its strength comes from a variety of sources. There is a natural dread of war, but there is also a natural human aggressiveness that seeks a fight. It is this latter trait that explains the feisty behavior of so many in the peace movement. Finally, many people like to make sacrifices, they don't mind suffering, provided it is for a cause they perceive as greater than themselves such as "peace." Some will risk their health and even their lives for an idea.



"WE'RE NOT ONLY BANNING YOUR BOMB, WE'RE BANNING YOU."

If the present round of Geneva arms talks fails and the new generation of NATO missiles is stationed in Europe, German authorities anticipate a "hot winter" with violent and brutal demonstrations against the deployment of missiles in West Germany. This is no laughing matter, for the Germans or for the entire West as a whole. The "peace" marchers are tough and numerous. They present a grave problem to a government intent on preserving a liberal constitutional democracy.

Though no one doubts that the Soviet Union exerts a powerful influence on the West German peace movement, other factors are at work (after all, France, whose political spectrum is to the left of Germany's, has only a small, well-contained peace movement). One other factor, perhaps the most significant, is the legacy of Adolf Hitler. Though Germany long ago recovered materially and economically from its defeat by the Allies, it has yet to recover psychically. A visitor to West Berlin who desires a glimpse into East Berlin should choose the observation post near Checkpoint Charlie. Besides seeing grim East Berlin, he will be able to see, just on the other side of the Berlin Wall, a grass-covered mound that is believed to be the bunker where Hitler died. A mound and a wall—living monuments to the man who is ultimately responsible for the division of Germany, the same man who is probably most responsible for the virulence of the German death wish.

Oktoberfest

Meanwhile, here, courtesy of Frau Pamela Bittencourt-Pereira of Artists for Peace, is a list of what the German peace movement has in store for just one week this fall: October 15—action day in all villages and small towns; October 16 (Sunday)—action day in all churches; October 17—women's resistance day; October 18—a day of antimilitarism and internal resistance; October 19—peace demonstrations by workers and peasants; October 20—strikes and demonstrations in schools and universities; October 21—demonstrations by students in collaboration with political parties in front of the Bonn parliament; October 22—three mass demonstrations.

Forty years ago the world trembled when it saw German youth making war. The world may again tremble when it sees German youth making "peace." □

Books Arts & Manners

A Double-Edged Sword

WALTER OLSON

On the features of income redistribution in general, as distinct from particular redistributions, economists have written much less than one might think. When they denounce rent controls, for example, they typically talk about how much more efficient it would be to let rents float and subsidize poor tenants directly. The more basic question of whether to subsidize poor tenants at all, and if so how generously, is thought to be "normative" (value-laden) rather than "positive" (scientific and value-free), and most economists retreat behind a modest curtain at that point, although usually one so gauzy that their real opinions show through.

It may be understandable that those who disapprove of confiscation in principle rarely investigate the subject in depth. But even the advocates of redistribution cannot agree among themselves on the simplest points: whether, for example, the current array of government programs has done much to close the gap between rich and poor. (One faction says the programs have succeeded and should therefore be preserved; another, that they have failed and should be redoubled.) Nor have the advocates produced any body of work on just how big a share of people's incomes they would ideally like to make off with.

Another reason there is little talk about general principles of redistribution is that everyone is so busy redistributing. As Gordon Tullock points out, income transfer is by far the leading activity of democratic governments. (It leaves national defense in the dust.) In addition, government's other favorite activities, regulation and the inflation of the currency, are also redistributive in essence. Although some regulation is paternalistic in nature, more of it is intended to shift wealth from one group to another. Tullock writes that the farm program, for example,

basically consists of two prongs. The first is a large program of research, technical assistance, and subsidized irrigation to the farmers designed to raise crop outputs. The second is a set of restrictions designed to reduce output. If we think of the objective of this program as to affect the

output of farm products, this seems simply silly. If, on the other hand, we assume its objective is to raise the value of prime quality farm real estate then it is very sensible indeed.

Inflation takes money from taxpayers, lenders, and savers and gives it to tax-consumers and borrowers—which is why, despite the polite convention that no politician likes inflation, effective

Economics of Income Redistribution
By Gordon Tullock

Kluwer-Nijhoff, 208 pp., \$28

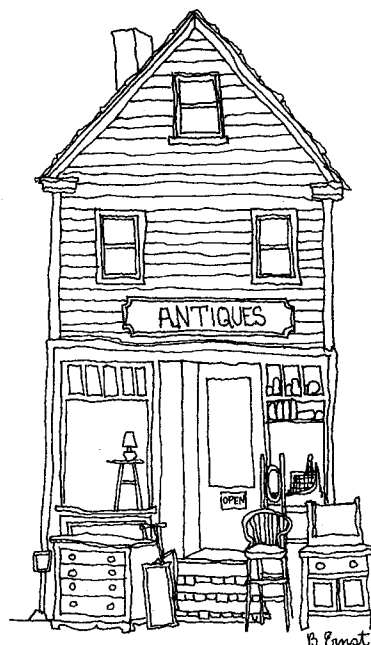
Welfare for the Well-to-Do

By Gordon Tullock

Fisher Institute, 75 pp., \$9.95

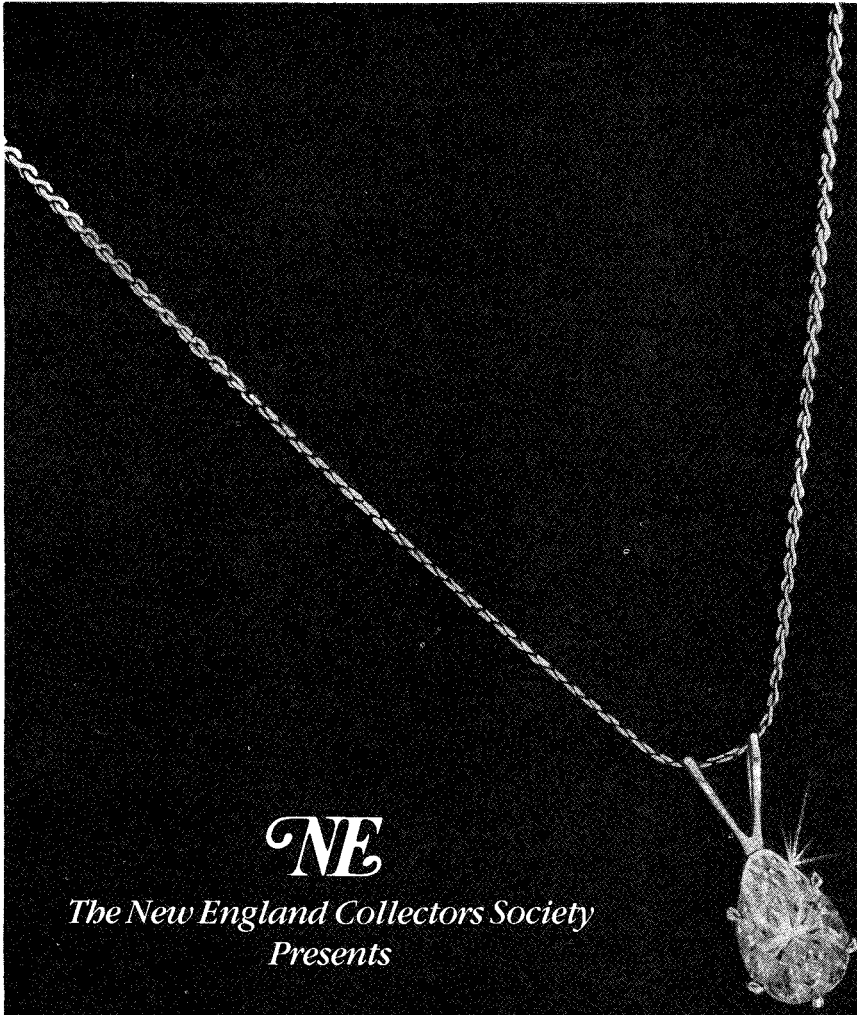
efforts to suppress it so often encounter stiff resistance from representatives of the latter groups.

Tullock is especially well suited to fill in the gap in our knowledge of this issue, being an eminence in the "public choice" school of economic thought, which tries to account in economic terms for how political actors behave. His two new books—*Economics of Income Redistribution*, a full-length work arranged casually in the style of lecture notes, and *Welfare for the Well-to-Do*, a shorter and more popular version for the general reader—include both theoretical analysis and empirical discussion of major redistributive programs (old-age pensions, education subsidies, medical care); the empirical discussion is all the more needed because the theoretical analysis is so indeterminate. A market will conventionally approach a single, knowable equilibrium state, but the factions in a legislature, although they may maintain a rough balance of power, will not. According to game theory, whenever a winning coalition forms, there will always be some other conceivable coalition that dominates it. Take a five-voter democracy, each voter beginning with equal



Lee Hopkins is a freelance critic and novelist living in San Francisco. . . .

Alan L. Miller is an editorial writer for the Detroit News. . . . Walter Olson is a staff member of the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C., and a Contributing Editor of NR. Thomas W. Skladony is a research assistant for the Congress Project at the American Enterprise Institute.



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shares of a total pot: 20-20-20-20-20. Suppose that voters A, B, and C form an initially successful coalition to redistribute income, resulting in the distribution 30-30-30-5-5. But once this coalition wins, it finds itself dominated by one in which the two "victims," D and E, bribe A to defect: 50-5-5-20-20. And at that point A might organize an even more lopsided winning coalition by cutting a deal with his old partners: 70-10-10-5-5. This coalition would be in turn dominated by the original 20-20-20-20-20.

Game theorists speak of this situation as a game without a "core," or set of stable solutions. That implies that science cannot predict where the legislature will come to rest (or, rather, can predict with some confidence that it will never come to any rest but will keep churning about so long as the "game" continues). This has two important implications. The first is that, assuming there is some administrative cost in carrying out each redistribution, the total amount of wealth in the system will decline steadily, culminating in general ruin, unless some factor intervenes to slow down or stop the process. This factor could be as elevated as a general instillment of scruples against redistribution, or as mundane as a lack of space on the congressional docket.

The second implication is that we cannot know theoretically whether redistribution will in practice help or hurt any particular class, but must find out empirically. Tullock points out that the actual modern government carries out a great many small redistributions, along with a couple of much larger ones such as Social Security, and that most of these programs benefit various sections of the middle class at the expense of others and of the wealthy. This occurs even though the usual stated rationale of the programs is to help the poor. Inter-generational transfers, which he says make up a very large share of the total, flow mostly sideways, in class terms. In a world without government programs, most adults would make large outlays in the first half of their careers to educate their children and to pay off their own student loans. In the second half of their careers they would save money for their retirement. The tax-and-benefit combination of the current programs duplicates this broad pattern.

"There is a rough rule of thumb," Tullock says, "by which we can detect which projects are designed to help the poor and which are not designed to help

them." If the program has a means test, and aid cuts off at a fairly low level of wealth, then it is designed to help the poor. If not, then the program is not designed to help the poor, although, of course, it may do so as a side effect. When means-tested programs are replaced by universal, "Bismarckian" programs, middle-class beneficiaries may outcompete the poor in the struggle for services. Unless the universal program is very richly funded, too, the expansion in its scope may force general cutbacks that take away services the poor had been getting. The creation of the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain "led to a very pronounced reduction in the resources available to the poor, with the result that during the period in which medicine was being revolutionized by the introduction of antibiotics, the death rate of the poorest part of the English population actually rose." The weak as well as the poor may lose out in the political struggle for services: Compared to American hospitals, the NHS has much more callous-sounding (or perhaps just more explicit) rules on the denial of care to chronic invalids.

This tension between welfare for the poor and welfare for the well-to-do pervades the social-insurance system. It helps explain why Reagan budget-cutters become genuinely unpopular when they re-target food-stamp and student-loan programs so as to slice off the highest-income recipients. But the sword cuts in the other direction too. If Tullock is right, one constituency that would be hurt if Senator Kennedy ever got his national health insurance passed is an unexpected one: the patients who now benefit from the Medicaid program for the poor. □

Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption

By Elizabeth Drew
Macmillan, 166 pp., \$11.95

ELIZABETH'S WORLD

THOMAS W. SKLADONY

The American Founders took great pains to construct a system of elections that would protect citizens from the ambition of candidates and the power of organized interests. That system, argues Elizabeth Drew, is now threatened by

the new role of money in politics. An unprecedented obsession with campaign contributions has taken over Capitol Hill and endangers the very soul of democracy.

When Miss Drew's account of a Congress bought out by special interests appeared in *The New Yorker* last December, Senator Mathias said, "It almost ruined my Christmas." A few paragraphs have now been added, and the numbers updated, but basically it is these same articles that make up *Politics and Money*. It is one thing to read Miss Drew on cash and corruption in fat, pre-Christmas issues of *The New Yorker*, where slim columns of text compete with glossy ads for mink and crystal. Published without the pressure of journalistic deadlines, Miss Drew's essay must now be judged as a book, and as such, it is a failure. Her status as celebrity intellectual, however, means it will influence public opinion. To the extent that Miss Drew is taken seriously, our understanding of the complicated role of money in politics is seriously diminished.

THE LAWS that now regulate congressional and presidential elections are so different that they have produced two distinct campaign financing systems. Miss Drew finds major fault with each. Rapidly escalating campaign costs, plus limits on individual contributions, have forced candidates to seek more and more support from political-action committees (PACs). After winning with help from PACs, Miss Drew says, members naturally feel a sense of gratitude, if not obligation, and look favorably on the legislative interests of their contributors. Even if members are not actually bribed (and sometimes, she says, they are), the special access big contributors are granted makes their job of persuasion much easier.

Miss Drew notes that some members with safe seats still solicit and receive huge PAC contributions; many PACs raise funds in one state to spend in another. Newly elected members of Congress are said to seek committee assignments that will make fundraising easier for the next election. In her view, bills sail through both houses, or die in committee, for no apparent reason—such is the power of money.

Other reforms of the 1970s, meanwhile, were supposed to make presidential elections more equitable by outlawing large private contributions. New laws

limit contributions during the primary season and provide both nominees with equal public funds for the general election. In practice, Miss Drew notes, the wealthy still find ways to participate in presidential fundraising, and are often rewarded with ambassadorships and other high positions. State parties may still receive unlimited and unreported "soft money" contributions, which are supposed to help local organizations but are useful to the national ticket as well. The Supreme Court ruled in 1976 that committees not connected to any candidate may make unlimited "independent expenditures" for or against the various nominees. The result in 1980, she suggests, was that while candidates Reagan and Carter spent equal amounts of public funds, Reagan enjoyed a considerable financial advantage in these other areas.

No knowledgeable observer would deny that there are problems with the current system, but Miss Drew's overstatements lead to severe distortion. To say that money is a "new" road to corruption, or that it now poses a greater threat to the integrity of our politics than ever before, is quite a mouthful—especially from someone who herself wrote a book on Watergate. The fact is that we have only had public disclosure of campaign contributions for the last decade, so comparisons with previous years must be made with caution. In many respects, the current system of limits, disclosure, and the channeling of contributions through registered PACs is a great improvement over the past. Most PACs give to candidates who already support their positions, and instances of direct conversions of recipients are rare. In fairness to honest members of Congress, Miss Drew should identify those who she says are guilty of accepting bribes—if she can—or drop that argument altogether. The more interesting question is how PACs

decide whether to support incumbents or challengers, because these decisions really do make a difference in elections.

Campaign contributions are but one way individuals and groups seek to influence Congress. Fans of Miss Drew may recall her 1978 profile of Charls Walker, a prominent lobbyist with an impressive array of techniques, but who does a bare minimum of fundraising. The past year witnessed several expensive "grass roots" lobbying efforts orchestrated by organizations in Washington that have found such campaigns work much better than direct contributions to candidates. Yet Miss Drew quotes, and apparently agrees with, a Washington lawyer who told her that

"99 per cent of the lobbying in this city is now fundraising."

This preposterous statement is but one example of Miss Drew's reporting what people have told her without thinking about what the words really mean. Bernadette Budde of the Business-Industry Political Action Committee (BIPAC) noted that the more regulated an industry, the more likely it will form a PAC. Miss Drew lets this key insight drop without following it up. Representative Jim Leach complained about labor and big-business contributions flowing into rural Iowa; Miss Drew never observes that members of Congress vote on all issues, not just those which affect their home state—or that members of key

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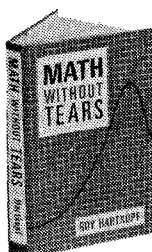
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committees might be important to groups across the nation.

Much of what Miss Drew considers sinister behavior is, from the perspective of the participants, simply a rational response to the new rules. Citizens give to PACs because they cannot give directly to presidential candidates. Congressmen solicit PACs because the laws make that the most efficient way to raise money. Ideological PACs make independent expenditures to keep their pet issues before the public when candidates seek to avoid them. The real question should be: Do the current laws keep our candidates and their supporters reasonably honest, and would additional reforms make the problem better or worse?

Miss Drew favors public financing of congressional elections, limits on the total amount that candidates may accept from PACs, and new limits on independent expenditures, among others. (For an essay that recognizes both the complexity of the problem and the limitations of the reforms see the concluding chapter of Michael J. Malbin's *Money and Politics in the United States: Financing Elections in the 1980s*.) Closing her catalogue of possible reforms, Miss Drew says, "Variations on all of these proposals are possible, and objections to all of them are plentiful. Some of the proposals would be difficult to work out, but if the same amount of energy and ingenuity went into making the law effective that has gone into finding ways around it, the difficulties could be resolved." This idea, in a nutshell, is Miss Drew's fundamental handicap—the belief that there could ever be a reform which would eliminate the very desire for participants to find loopholes. Early in the book Miss Drew faulted Madison for not anticipating sophisticated interest groups; actually it is Miss Drew who has not learned the lesson of *Federalist* Number 10 on the impossibility of giving men the same opinion.

In sum, *Politics and Money* is not a particularly accurate description of the current world of campaign financing practices. It is not serious advocacy of the reforms it mentions in passing. Invoking the names of the Founders, it fails to probe their teaching. It does not connect money and elections with the larger issue of representative government, of which they are but a part. If this were not enough, Miss Drew's one-sided presentation of a multifaceted issue is simply bad journalism. □

Eugene V. Debs: Citizen and Socialist
By Nick Salvatore

The University of Illinois,
437 pp., \$24.95

A PRUDENT DREAMER

ALAN L. MILLER

How could a young man from Terre Haute, Indiana, who was steeped in the virtues of small-town America and possessed of a conservative political philosophy become a passionate labor leader and the founder—and perennial presidential candidate—of the Socialist Party? This question pervades Professor Salvatore's ponderous biography of Eugene V. Debs, which explores, in excruciating detail, this pilgrim's progress from a Midwestern boyhood, where he worked as a paint scraper on the Vandalia Railroad for fifty cents a day, to his dalliance with state politics, and thence to his work as a labor leader and his growing conviction that corporate greed was a crown of thorns for the workingman.

The religious metaphor is appropriate here, for Debs in his lifetime was frequently likened both to a biblical prophet inveighing against the sins of capitalism, and to Christ, as one who was willing to suffer the state's indignities for his flock.

Debs's march to Calvary began in one sense in 1894, when he was jailed for his role in the Pullman strike. But the seeds had been planted twenty years earlier, when, during the Panic of 1873, he "was made to feel the wrongs of labor." Though Debs lost his job the year after the Panic and moved on to become a city clerk and a one-term legislator, the railroad still beckoned. He was elected recording secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in 1875, and "devoted his nights to the business of organizing the Terre Haute lodge."

Still Debs was essentially a company man, skeptical of trade unionism and radical concepts such as the closed shop and economic boycotts, which violated his sense of fair play. Accordingly, Salvatore says, he distrusted both the Knights of Labor and Samuel Gompers's American Federation of Labor, which emerged in the mid-1880s. It was not until 1888, during the Burlington strike, that he became convinced that labor solidarity was the only effective weapon

against "the omnipresent tentacles of corporate power." Even then, he shunned the Populists and the Socialists for their naïveté, warning workers against futile political discussion. "Why waste time and breath," he asked, "over minor questions? . . . Why not, on the contrary, unify, solidify, and federate to secure honest, fair, and just wages?"

In 1893, Debs decided to help his fellow workers do just that. He resigned from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and founded the American Railway Union (ARU) to unify all railroad workers. A year later he was hailed as a hero for preventing James J. Hill from cutting the wages of his Great Northern Railroad workers. Debs's brokered arrangement with the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, which was called in to arbitrate the labor dispute, not only prevented the pay cut, it also achieved most of the ARU's wage demands.

THE FOLLOWING year, Debs was reluctantly drawn into the Pullman strike, and the ARU suffered a devastating defeat when the General Managers Association persuaded President Cleveland that federal troops were required to move the mail. The strike was smashed, its leaders were sentenced to six months, and Debs became a national celebrity. While doing his time for obstructing interstate commerce, he read Karl Marx and concluded that political power produced economic justice.

This born-again Socialist was certain that the Pullman strike was a "spontaneous upheaval," a sign that "the French Revolution will be repeated" unless dramatic steps were taken. And yet, his radicalism was tempered by a democratic longing that still believed basic change could be achieved through the ballot box. Speaking before a Chicago crowd of a hundred thousand upon his release from jail, Debs proclaimed, "The Rockefellers have the money, but we have the votes." Thereafter, this charismatic orator turned all his force to trying to politicize the proletariat. Five times, he was the Socialist Party's presidential candidate. And though he doubled the party's vote total between 1900 and 1920, each defeat confirmed that his cause was hopeless. Whatever momentum the Socialists had managed to achieve by the early 1900s was sapped by World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution.

His last presidential campaign was conducted from the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. Sentenced to ten years for

violating the Espionage Act of 1917, burnt out by his unremitting efforts, the 63-year-old labor leader was a shell of his former self. And though he topped his 1912 total with 919,000 votes, the national share was a disappointing 3 percent. President Harding pardoned him on Christmas Day 1921. Then, after a visit to the White House, Debs returned to Terre Haute, his Socialist cause in shambles. The labor leader's remaining years were spent soothing party squabbles, coming to terms with what was left of his life, and rejecting the Communist alternative. He died in 1926.

Salvatore faults Debs for failing "to examine his own political odyssey," which "helped create the despondency of his last years." Moreover, the author accuses his subject of shrinking from the tough choices that might have saved his party. But this facile conclusion forgets that Debs remained a believer in American values. He never rejected the democratic system, even though he was unable to make it work for his cause.

For all of his faults, Eugene V. Debs had a unique ability to move the masses. He seldom stooped to demagoguery, as witnessed by his admonition to a Utah audience in 1910:

I do not want you to follow me or anyone else; if you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of this capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into the promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else would lead you out.

Prudent advice from a political dreamer. □

The U.S. and Free China: How the U.S. Sold Out Its Ally

By James C. Shen

Acropolis, 310 pp., \$14.95

NOT REAL, NOT POLITIC

RALPH de TOLEDANO

It can be said beyond peradventure that the Republic of China on Taiwan is the only reliable and stable ally of the United States in the western Pacific. Its astonishing economic successes have tied it to the U.S., through far-reaching investment by our private sector. At a time when Communist China plays cat-and-mouse with Washington and Moscow,

the ROC's strategic importance cannot be overestimated. Yet?

Yet the Republic of China continues to be the whipping boy of a State Department dominated over the years by a Red China lobby still making obeisance to the perverse and discredited policies of the Owen Lattimores, the John K. Fairbanks, and the other sorry implants of the Roosevelt and Truman eras. How that lobby operated was devastatingly revealed by the tremendous researches of the now-defunct Senate Security Subcommittee and its counsel

Robert Morris in its investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

This has been forgotten, and we are instructed instead in the genius of former President Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and former President Carter in engineering the betrayal of the Republic of China. History may assess that betrayal as more cold-blooded, since wartime exigencies cannot be pleaded, than the sellout of Eastern Europe by Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Distinguished Sinologists like David Rowe and Karl Wittfogel have ana-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: Walter LaFeber argues in *Inevitable Revolutions: The United States in Central America* (Norton, \$18.95) that the U.S. has been the chief force in creating the governments and societies against which elements of the Central American populations are currently rebelling. . . . In his new book, *The Economics and Politics of Race: An International Perspective* (Morrow, \$15.95), Thomas Sowell insists that the success of ethnic groups in America is, and has always been, determined largely by the cultures from which they spring and denies that political attempts to redress the "wrongs of history" can be efficacious. . . . John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Anatomy of Power* (Houghton, \$14.95) analyzes public and private power and concludes that, in America, the organized power of the military finds no countervailing balance, while the citizenry remains unaware of the degree to which its thought is con-

lyzed that betrayal, but their conclusions have yet to enter the mainstream of American political thought, principally because the American media remain wedded to policies that can only work to the detriment of free-world interests in the Far East.

Some of the blame for this must accrue to the leaders of the ROC, who, in an excess of Chinese *politesse*, have remained quiet. It has taken a book by James C. Shen to detail the facts in un-Chinese frankness. Mr. Shen was the last ambassador to the United States from Free China. He was perhaps the most popular member of the diplomatic corps in Washington, with many friends in Congress and the press, until President Carter consigned him and his country to outer darkness. With infinite patience and good humor, Shen presented Taiwan's case until it became a non-country. And he tells the story now with a remarkable degree of objectivity.

Mr. Nixon, whose loyalty to friends will never be celebrated in the history books, sent Henry Kissinger on a secret mission to Peking without so much as a hint to our ally or its ambassador. Trading on a reputation as an anti-Communist, the President argued that the Communist government was a fact of life and must be dealt with—a true enough statement if those dealings were to be something less than a knife in the back of a friend and ally. Had Nix-

trolled by a diversionary culture. . . . *The Politics at God's Funeral: The Spiritual Crisis of Western Civilization* (Holt, \$16.95), by Michael Harrington, argues that the malaise of democratic Western countries is spiritual rather than economic and that only the creation of an "integrative" planetary consciousness can cure it. "God is political," Harrington writes; he used to be a "leading conservative" but now he is almost dead (Yes, Virginia: there used to be a Michael Harrington).

The Middle of My Tether: Familiar Essays (Norton, \$14.95) is a collection of witty and astute essays on all sorts of subjects by Joseph Epstein, the literary and cultural critic and editor of *The American Scholar*. . . . In *The Roots of Treason: Ezra Pound and the Secret of St. Elizabeths* (McGraw-Hill, \$19.95), E. Fuller Torrey presents evidence that Pound feigned insanity to escape trial on a charge of treason in 1945 and that the Department of Defense, out of respect for his literary reputation, abetted the deceit. —CW

on and Kissinger merely been moving toward some *modus vivendi* with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai the argument would have had validity.

But, as Jimmy Shen clearly indicates in his account, it was in fact a first step toward the ROC's ouster from the United Nations, to be followed by the abrogation of the vitally important U.S.-ROC Mutual Defense Treaty. History, in the form of Watergate, intervened, and the final coup de grâce was left to Jimmy Carter.

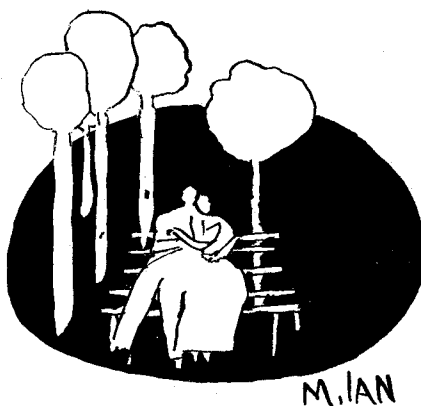
The real intent of Mr. Nixon and his chief foreign policy advisor became apparent to Jimmy Shen after the President's visit to Communist China—a visit during which he comported himself more like a petitioner than the head of a great nation. Suddenly doors at the higher levels of government were closed

to Mr. Shen. From Kissinger he got double-talk and the equivalent of a wink. Reassurances that the alliance remained in place slowly changed to promises that the diplomatic mortification of the Republic of China was a long way off. The mills of the Washington gods ground slowly, but they also ground exceedingly small. It did not take Mr. Shen very long to realize what was in store for his country.

The Republicans were out of power by the time what had been initiated by Mr. Nixon came to its conclusion. President Carter, absent-minded over his adjurations for "human rights," suddenly found virtue in a Communist regime that, to consolidate its grip on nearly a billion people, liquidated some 25 million of them as an example of social engineering. But it had all been planned in advance by leaders who in their devotion to Realpolitik never understood that it is frequently not real and less politic. Mr. Nixon succeeded in moving the Finland Station from Leningrad to Washington and thereby became one of Peking's great heroes.

The question now is: Where do we go from here? President Reagan, a good man and a true friend of the Republic of China, was led by the State Department into a communiqué that promised the demise of the ROC. He pulled away from it, but it will live to haunt our government. The Taiwan Relations Act, which Congress enacted to salvage what it could from Mr. Carter's cynical sell-out, has been honored—to coin a phrase—more in the breach than in the observance. What stands between the Republic of China and destruction is strictly the spirit of the Chinese people on Taiwan and the need of American business to protect a very large investment.

NO ONE can assert that Mr. Shen's account is a literary classic. However, prior to his work with Chiang Kai-shek and his entry into the diplomatic ranks, he was a newspaperman—and this is training enough for reporting what went on during the tragic years of the Nixon Administration. He represents what Whittaker Chambers called the "losing side"—losing only in the absence of the will to win. But the last word has not been said about the Republic of China. If it is indeed on the losing side, the great loser will also be the United States of America. Having gotten what it wanted at no cost, the Communist Chinese regime is now trying to make an advan-



tageous deal with Moscow. If it gets it, and then moves militarily against Taiwan, the United States, caught between the rock and the hard place, will soon find itself with no friends in the Far East.

One of the many virtues of Mr. Shen's book is that he pulls no punches in showing that if Jimmy Carter gave the final push, it was Richard Milhous Nixon who set up the dominoes. □

Third Helpings

By Calvin Trillin

Ticknor & Fields, 184 pp., \$12.95

LETTER FROM COWTOWN

TERRY TEACHOUT

Calvin Trillin is one of the minor reasons why I decided to live in Kansas City. (Just to keep things in perspective, Count Basie is one of the major reasons.) I first read Mr. Trillin's *American Fried: Adventures of a Happy Eater* while still a big hungry boy, college division, doing time at a local institution of higher learning. The first two chapters of this wonderful book are a hymn to the culinary delights of Cowtown, U.S.A.—Arthur Bryant's Barbecue, Winstead's Drive-In, Mario's Grinder Shop and Deli, Jess & Jim's Steak House—and after doing some four years' worth of systematic, first-hand research, I came to the conclusion that what was good enough for the restaurant critic de facto of *The New Yorker* was good enough for me. So I got my sheepskin, found a wife, rented an apartment, and settled down to some serious eating. I am, needless to say, still at it.

A few things have changed since Calvin Trillin first thought to immortalize the restaurants of Kansas City. Arthur Bryant died last December, for one thing; a couple of big-city hot-shots promptly bought his old place, took out the pop machine, and put Ketchup bottles on the tables. I haven't been back since.

But Mr. Trillin himself lives on. For reasons of his own, unfortunately, he insists on living in New York City and writing about things other than food; indeed, his most recent undertaking, a humor column for *The Nation* (why bother?) called "Uncivil Liberties," has

been something of a trial for those of us who see the mighty Winstead's Steak-burger as an all-American dish in more ways than one. However, Mr. Trillin's first love is still his stomach, which he continues to celebrate from time to time in the pages of *The New Yorker* and sundry other journals, occasionally managing to throw together a witty book on the subject as well. *American Fried*, his first collection of articles on food, appeared in 1974, followed four years later by *Alice, Let's Eat*; it is a pleasure to report that *Third Helpings*, Mr. Trillin's latest book, is every bit as appetizing as its two predecessors.

"In a certain mood," Aaron Copland once observed, "reading about music can excite one at the prospect of hearing some in the same way that reading about sex arouses one's lubricity." I feel like that about food. Even though tuna casserole pretty much exhausts my prowess in the kitchen, I still get excited whenever my wife, Liz, reads aloud to me from James Beard's *Theory and Practice of Good Cooking*, and one of these days I'm going to get around to writing an essay that does for *The Joy of Cooking* what Edmund Wilson did for Emily Post's *Etiquette*.

But nearly all the really good writing on food reflects the supply-side point of view exclusively. Granted, James Beard writes with a contagious gusto; still, he necessarily (and properly) spends most of his time in the kitchen rather than at the table. Not too many authors have the gift of focusing on consumption and doing it with genuine literary flair. A. J. Liebling, Rex Stout, and Seymour Britchky come to mind; so does Trillin.

Mr. Trillin's forte is his funny bone. Eschewing the fork-and-scalpel approach that makes *Seymour Britchky's Restaurant Letter* so compulsively readable, he opts instead for a combination of warranted enthusiasm and wild fantasy. *Third Helpings*, for instance, begins with an essay advocating the adoption of spaghetti carbonara as the national Thanksgiving dish; in the course of this one essay, the author discusses a dish called Aunt Becky's Kneecap (complaining in the process about "those quaint names the English give food instead of seasoning" and suggesting that this one is really a little-known French recipe called *la rotule de Tanté Becky*), tells us about a Frenchman who "once consumed 15 pounds of bicycle in 12 days" (real junk food, that), bemoans his daughters' "crippling dependence" on canned

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tuna fish, asserts that Columbus "would have sooner acknowledged that the world was shaped like an isosceles triangle than . . . eaten the sort of things that English Puritans ate," and firmly declines to partake of the kind of Thanksgiving dinner served by "forebears who put people in the stocks for playing the harpsichord on the Sabbath." He gets his spaghetti carbonara, too.

Nor is that all; *Third Helpings* contains 14 other essays, and each one is a charmer. In "Divining the Mysteries of the East" Mr. Trillin induces a professor of linguistics at the University of Chicago to furnish him with a note that says, in Chinese, "Please bring me some of what that man at the next table is having"; in "Tasting," he lists 180 types of ethnic fast food sampled during an eight-month period by a professional food taster. Nobody calls this criticism, at least not in my hearing, but it sure is fun to read. The Library of Congress, it says on the copyright page, classifies this book under "Food—Anecdotes, facetiae, satire, etc." Call it what you will, *Third Helpings* is a must-read book for anyone who likes to eat. Kansas City's loss is Greenwich Village's gain.

Californians

By James D. Houston

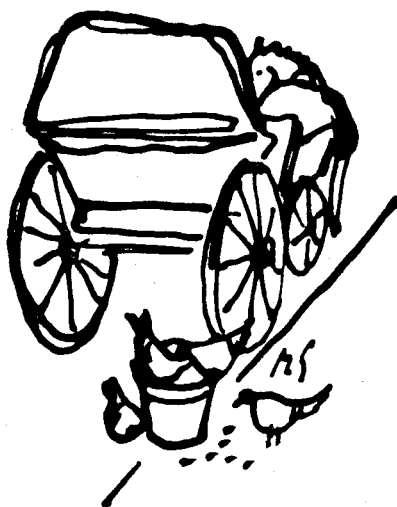
Knopf, 288 pp., \$15

A MISUNDERSTOOD PLACE

LEE HOPKINS

California has always been a most misunderstood place. Cortés first discovered the gulf bifurcating the northwest coast of Mexico and did not proceed far enough to realize the land to the west was a peninsula. Recalling a Spanish novel about an Amazon nation on a vast island ruled by a curious lady named California, he named the place after her. Almost until the end of the eighteenth century, California appeared on maps as a huge island, its upper reaches melting into obscurity. Such a mysterious place surely must be the way to the Northwest Passage, Kubla Khan's pleasure dome, and other wish-fulfilling wonders.

Things have not changed much, as James D. Houston ably points out in



Californians. A seasoned local writer, Houston examines every facet of his native state, traveling all over its vast, variegated surface in grids producing the literary equivalent of a geodetic survey map. What he accomplishes is a remarkable blend of travel writing, interpretive profiles, and reflective essay.

Californians is a fine book in its own right, but important too because whether our fellow Americans like it or not (and they generally do not), the trends that take shape out here in California tend to be auguries of the future for the rest of the country. That can be hard for outsiders to swallow, as what is now the richest, most populous state was so recently a backwater. A nice place to visit, perhaps, as Frank Lloyd Wright said, but suitable for the permanent residence only of oranges, a region to which everything loose would roll if the nation were tilted westward.

Houston addresses the very difficult problem of defining California in all its diversity. Most people living in the state do not understand its totality any better than the tourists who usually see only its long, spectacular coastline. The state is the sum of many parts and perceptions, kept separate by an intense regionalism. It is the culmination of Frederick Jackson Turner's idea about the role of westward movement in American history and character.

After all, this is as far west as you can go. So California has drawn all sorts of visionaries and spawned all manner of unusual people. But could the California dream be a hallucination? This can be argued. Too many people complete their westward journey by jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge; the obscene milieus of Charles

Manson and Jim Jones took shape here.

A genial, lyrical, and rational man, James Houston avoids extremes, and in his fair-minded, very equitable way is the ideal observer and chronicler. Some of his statistics are surprising. For example, California is the fourth largest oil producer in the nation and 18th in the world. With all its other resources, it would be the seventh most prosperous nation on the globe had it remained the Bear Flag Republic, as it was briefly proclaimed in 1846. California leads the United States in suicides, and also, Houston points out, "in pornography, divorce, home burglary, mind-meddling cults, and skateboard accidents. At the same time, perhaps for the same reasons, it leads the nation in micro-electronics, solar energy, accredited law schools, Nobel Prize-winners, women mayors, Olympic medalists, library use, salad lettuce, figs, and nectarines."

What all this means is that you can find anything you want in California. And if it is true, as Oscar Wilde said, that the only thing worse than not getting what you want, is getting it, then so be it. Houston drives this point home by deftly juxtaposing chapters concerning the prosaic and the unusual. He knows that picking lettuce for a living may take more fortitude than chaining yourself to a rock to prevent construction of a dam.

Houston's subtlety, his sureness of touch, is particularly evident in his chapter on the Latino experience in California. Colonists started arriving from Mexico in 1773, and the first American wagon train strained over the mountains in 1841—the two events not far apart in terms of historical development. Badly treated, often dispossessed and exploited after the annexation of California, the always large Latino population was long considered a kind of incomprehensible underground by the Anglo establishment.

This is changing fast. Latinos in California are organizing themselves politically, economically, and educationally. They will soon be the state's majority ethnic group. Houston expresses their cultural essence in two vignettes. First he visits the organizer of a highly sophisticated, critically acclaimed, internationally touring folkloric theater troupe, the creators of the play and film *Zoot Suit*. Then he describes the group's performance of an old Mexican miracle play in one

of the best-preserved of the Franciscan missions. His rendition of the power and mysticism of this play conveys the syncretic nature of the Mexican heritage, the fusion of pantheistic, cyclical Indian beliefs with Roman Catholicism and other Mediterranean influences.

Some years ago I stood with Houston at the corner of Market Street and Van Ness in San Francisco. He commented that in all his life in the Bay Area, that corner had always been torn up in some manner, as it was then for a subway project. We looked up Market Street to the downtown core; then as now it presented a peculiar blend of ice-cube-tray highrises and sleaze, redevelopment and decay, hope and history, greed and humanism, garnished with a startling goulash of human types, always a kind of street theater.

In a sense, that view is what *Californians* is all about: an illustration of what Winston Churchill meant when he said that first we shape our dwelling places, then they shape us. □

MEDIA

AB TO ZUG

JOSEPH SOBRAN

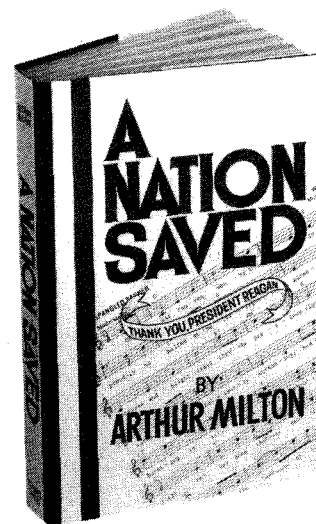
The media hype went on for a week: A "broad coalition" of marchers was coming to Washington for the purpose of "commemorating" the 1963 march led by Martin Luther King Jr. The "broad coalition" was also called a "diverse coalition" and a "vibrant coalition." Its organizers styled themselves a New Coalition for Conscience. Their theme was Jobs, Peace, Freedom.

Conscience, jobs, peace, freedom: Who could object? The *CBS Evening News* did a three-part series on "The Dream Today"; ABC and NBC made lesser efforts. All of them presented the march as a rather unexceptionable and apolitical reminder of the 1963 march and as a homage to Dr. King.

Until the evening of the march itself, no television viewer would have gathered that the event was going to be intensely political. In fact, the "broad coalition" ranged from Ab to Zug. Yes, Bella was one of the speakers. So was Cora Weiss. Pete Seeger provided en-

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tainment. William Winpisinger, Andrew Young, and "Salvadoran freedom fighter" Ruben Zamora were also scheduled to speak, though Zamora couldn't get a visa in time. The extreme right wing of this "broad coalition" was represented by Jesse Jackson.

"They're going to march, sing songs, and damn Reagan, then they're going to get in their cars and go back home," said a Washington cab driver. That was about right. The day after the march, Andrew Young told *Face the Nation*, "There's no question that Ronald Reagan was the organizing factor that brought this broad coalition together."

THE BROAD coalition also included a number of Soviet-front peace groups. About the only media attention these got was oblique, in the form of a short piece, buried inside the *Washington Post*, about a small demonstration led by the Reverend Carl McIntire, the veteran anti-Communist evangelist. The headline told the sophisticated *Post* reader all he, or she, needed to know: "March on Washington Called Communist Front." Ergo, there is no reason to pay any attention to Communist participation in the march, which was as open as it was unreported.

It is odd that two sectors of the political spectrum have noticed the affinity of liberalism and Communism: anti-Communists and Communists. They put it differently, of course: the anti-Communists call the liberals "dupes," whereas the Communists call them "progressive forces." It is also odd that the liberals only call attention to the anti-Communist perception of the affinity, which they call "paranoid." (Donna Brazile, the march's director, said McIntire was speaking out of "paranoia.") They never bother to account for the Communist perception of same. In fact they never acknowledge it. They try instead to make the anti-Communist perception sound like a pathological delusion, and even to take note of the Communist agreement in the supposed delusion, from the opposite interest, would be to confirm the point they want to deny.

The TV news coverage tactfully averted its gaze from the more strikingly radical components of the oratorical agenda. CBS showed only a bit of Mrs. King, a snatch of Jesse Jackson's standard from-the-outhouse-to-the-White-House stemwinder, and Benjamin Hooks vowing the "elimina-

tion of Reaganism from the face of the earth." Newscaster Bob Schieffer allowed as how some of the speeches had been rather critical of President Reagan.

On Sunday the *Post* permitted a note of candor to creep into its voluminous coverage of the march: One story spoke of the "acrimony" that had been discharged against Reagan. But even from the snatches of speeches quoted, it was clear that the whole thing had been an anti-Reagan hatefest from beginning to end, with no other real purpose.

This march did misfire, though. Even with every reporter trying to put the best face on it, the cameras told the truth, and if the snippets of Jackson were the highlights of the day, what must the rest have been like? There was none of the drama or emotion of 1963. Part of what made the first March on Washington memorable was that Martin Luther King chose to honor the country he was set on reforming. (Whether he was hypocritical or sincere is secondary.) His successors are a gang of people who approach America as accusers; who can listen to them?

By the following week a little more candor was peeping forth. *Time* spoke of the "forced quality" of the event, and described the marchers as "jaded." *Newsweek* was even blunter. A headline read: "Nearly 300,000 march on Washington to honor King—and revile Reagan." What others had called the "broad coalition" *Newsweek* described simply as "more than seven hundred groups on the American Left," and even put the term "rainbow coalition" in quotation marks.

Most wonderful of all, the *New York Times*, on the Monday after the march, ran a front-page story saying the event signaled the "revival of the activist Left." (This time the public was told of a "vast coalition.") Such candor! In the *Times*?



It was too good to be true. The next day (as *NR*'s "For the Record" column noted last week), in the space normally reserved for "Corrections," the *Times* ran an "Editors' Note" apologizing for the phrase. "Many organizations participated in the march," it said. "The use of the term 'activist Left' to characterize all of them is an incorrect generalization."

Not really. If there were a few non-Left groups among the seven hundred, the character of the whole came from the dominant Left. The *Times* was reverting to its habitual role as the coy public-relations agent of the "broad coalition," of which it too is a part, as are most of the major media. It's just that some of the Left doesn't like to be openly labeled "Left," and its wishes are respected. The same is not of course true for the Right, whose components get labeled "ultraconservatives" and "so-called 'right-to-life' groups" whatever their wishes. □

The GIMLET EYE

RUBIN REDUX

D. KEITH MANO

"The whole idea of promotion is myth. In the Sixties we created a myth of disruption. There *was* disruption, but the country was nowhere near as disrupted as people believed it to be. And the myth that I created about myself was not the truth—but I didn't really create it either. The media took it. Today, obviously, although I don't like it, I'm playing on the 'anti-capitalist goes capitalist' myth. The world's playing on it. They'll play on it forever."

Jerry Rubin struts, chest-proud, like a little rogue wave breaking. His hair is dry, mussed, somewhat thin: the sort of place where you'd find a hen's egg laid. Small, effeminate feet: a slight mother's pinch of color in his cheek. Rubin will look straight ahead when you talk to him: as though the sound were coming through a crackly carpiece. We've paid, all 16 of us, \$21 each for this seminar in promotion and self-hype. Cheap enough, I think: after all, in that phrase *Me Decade*, Rubin is the first-person singular referred to. He may also be, I suspect, shallower than lip

gloss and more pretentious than a Lhasa apso. But his smile is witch-ball radiant: gemütlich and winsome. You want to get an early pregnancy test after he has grinned at you. Hell, he can amuse me. Moreover, Rubin is so starkly, so self-confessedly the hustler, the bootlegger of contact-paper images—he has taken such pride in cynicism and marketable humbug—that a weird inversion will set it. After just one quarter-hour you begin, well, to doubt his *insincerity*.

Last season's Jerry-built promotion was the Business Networking Salon. "I started to give a small private get-together for influential people in my apartment each Wednesday. The only way to become wealthy and famous is to hang out with wealthy, famous people. It went from one hundred in my apartment and became two thousand in Studio 54 every week." The season ticket holders of N.Y. chic paid Rubin \$6 per coifed head to meet (or "network" with) each other. His special excise tax, you might call it. And yet this spring the salon—though still open free of charge—began to fade faster than a slide-rule factory. Now Rubin (wink) has gotten into something new. What? Well, he's "putting together the largest network marketing organization in America." But more (wink) about that later. "I'd like to make \$5 million because then I'd move into a new era with my career—social philanthropy." You bet: listen, this huckster'd set up a toll booth on the rites of passage.

But time-out here for us. Jerry collects the course card and a short bio from each. What're we promoting? Oh, a pest-control business, photography, homemade cable TV shows, and Keith Mano, he . . . "Well, I own this cement business and I—"

"Yeah?" says Rubin. "Got a five-dollar bill?"

"Sure, why?"

"Bet I can name at least one article you've written." And, I'll be a heartworm's lunch, he can. The name Keith Mano is notoriously infamous (I'm not being modest, I'm being irritable), but Rubin has printed-circuit recall. It is half his effectiveness. He has to know every scene-shifter and gob-wipe in world media. They might be of use some day. "You write for NATIONAL REVIEW, too. See, he's going to do a bag [slanted] article on me. Aren't you? Huh?"

"Er, since you mention it—" I'm a little askew right now—"tell me. Back then, did you sign up with the Chicago Seven

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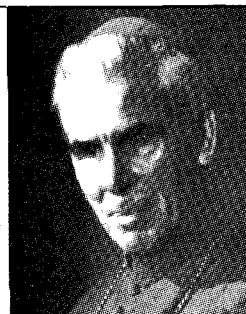
President Reagan called Rusher "this energetic and articulate champion of the principles we believe in so deeply." New York University's School of Law gave him its Distinguished Citizen Award "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint." To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, he was just "terrifyingly articulate."

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to hang out with the wealthy and famous, the way you do now?"

"If your question is, did I believe in what I was doing in the Sixties, I'll tell you the answer right now—100 per cent yes."

Oh, I'll go along. If Jerry Rubin hustled us all, he hustled himself as well. He lists his radical pedigree for the class: Free Speech Movement, Vietnam Day Committee, Pentagon March. There will be no internal contradiction between these and, say, his later Wall Street career. The man is without depth. To have an internal contradiction you must first have an internal.

And then, all of one sudden, we're at this intense Tupperware party. changeo-bunko, Rubin is noodling the class toward Genesis—a new Amway-type health-product operation that will market protein liquid and nutritional snack bars and gourmet diet food, all retort-packaged NASA-style. Never mind your dream, Buster—forget cement or pest control—start flacking for Rubin. He has been on this particular dawn patrol less than two months: Already a thousand people are selling for him. "Join one of the greatest promoters in the world today. I helped create a social movement in the 1960s. I mean, I sat in a living room when we came up with the word 'Yippie.' And we made it famous. Genesis is going to take multi-level network marketing out of the culture of Amway and make it a class act. And, you there, I don't care what bag article you do. Just mention Genesis." I did.

The words, of course, are network and networking. They overdub fashionable jargon hereabout. When you network, you string together—pyramidally—people who will be serviceable to you: people with connections and input and (another big word) leverage. But network management is no less than the organizational tactic of Vietnam Era radicalism. Then six dozen insignificant men and women structured a tremendous national lobby by interlinking key people—student and labor and black leader, media figure, politician, priest. Chain letters of power grew downward. Vietnam was networked away. Today the radicals are in middle age and in middle management. It is a tribute to American capitalism that the same method has been retooled for business. What was Vietnam Day but marvelous multi-level marketing? Just think: all those good



people who marched on the Pentagon, they were being set up, consciously or unconsciously to buy nutritional snack bars in 1983. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ANTITRUST AND MONOPOLY: *Anatomy of a Policy Failure*, by Dominick T. Armentano (John Wiley, 292 pp., \$22.95, cloth; \$12.95, paper). It's all very obvious: Antitrust laws are our last line of defense against corporate power. Without antitrust, big corporations would gobble up little ones, and we would be at their mercy. Anyone who opposes these laws must be a misanthrope . . . or an economist. In *Antitrust and Monopoly*, Professor Dominick T. Armentano traces the development of antitrust and carefully analyzes the important cases. In case after case, he shows how the indicted firms were not harming the public but, rather, were expanding output, reducing prices, improving technology, and generally engaging in fierce competition. Thus, he concludes, antitrust actually restrains competition, while it raises prices for consumers. Armentano reaches these conclusions by analyzing competition in terms of dynamic market processes, rather than in terms of the size and number of firms in a given industry. At any point in time, he shows, there always will be dominant firms. But without artificial barriers to entry, these firms are under constant competitive pressures, and many of them are soon displaced. Who creates these artificial barriers? We don't have to look any further than the government that claims to protect us from monopolistic practices. Government franchises, certificates of public convenience, licenses, tariffs, price-support programs, and similar legal barriers all serve to stifle competition. Perhaps most ironically, antitrust itself often serves as a barrier to entry. What better way than an antitrust suit to keep a competitor off your

turf? Thus, in practice, antitrust becomes a weapon to use against successful competitors. Armentano's policy prescription is the repeal of all antitrust laws. Free the markets, he argues, and let open competition determine which firms best serve the buying public.

BRIAN SUMMERS

THE PURSUIT OF A JUST SOCIAL ORDER: *Policy Statements of the U.S. Catholic Bishops, 1966-1980*, by J. Brian Benestad (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 220 pp., \$12, cloth; \$7, paper). A word to all those stunned by the American bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons: It didn't start with the pastoral letter on nuclear weapons. Mr. Benestad, a professor of political theory and social ethics at the University of Scranton, shows that the American bishops have long addressed political and social issues. What has changed is the side they address them from as well as the priority they give to them. Up until the mid-Sixties, when the bishops spoke through the National Catholic Welfare Council (NCWC), they generally adopted positions not critical of American foreign policy. They were most comfortable, Benestad says, contributing to the social order by spreading the word of Jesus Christ and by education in Catholic social teaching. But in the mid-Sixties the NCWC was replaced by two parallel organizations—the United States Catholic Conference (USCC) and the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB)—and the bishops have never been the same. Based in Washington and endowed with liberal staffs, the two organizations seemed to adopt as their motto: Heaven can wait. Statements soon came spewing forth on a staggering array of subjects, ranging from housing and energy policy to National Health Insurance and farm labor. Equally interesting were the subjects the bishops chose not to address. They have never issued, Benestad notes, policy statements on the decline of serious religious belief, the breakdown of community, or moral permissiveness and pornography. (And these subjects will have to keep waiting. Having delivered themselves of their thoughts on nuclear weapons, the bishops and their staff will next shed light on the subject of capitalism.) How do the bishops justify their concentration on the things of this world? According to J. Bryan Hehir, SJ, perhaps the most influential of the bishops' advisors, working for social justice is as important as preaching the Gospel and administering the sacraments. Though Father Hehir and the none-too-silent majority of bishops may believe this, their new emphasis has never been endorsed by the Vatican. This thoroughly enlightening

(Continues on page 1232)

THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"TO MAKE a faction is one thing," writes Edwin J. Feulner Jr. "For it to achieve success demands two essentials: the staff to research and prepare material, and members who are willing to take the lead." In *Conservatives Stalk the House: The Republican Study Committee 1970-1982* (Green House Publishers, Inc.; Caroline House, dist.; 722 Columbus Street, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; \$14.95) he presents the history of the RSC from the time of its founding to the present. If indeed the Committee be a faction—and why, after all, mince words—it possesses the attributes of an effective, never mind a welcome, one. "Today, congressional ideological factions such as the DSG [Democratic Study Group] and the RSC have broken new ground in the political process; they serve as catalysts for 'new' or 'revived' political concepts, give members an outlet for their ideological beliefs, and pressure their party leadership in accordance with their persuasions."

The RSC was formed early in the 1970s when a group of conservative congressmen, taking their cue from the highly successful DSG, forswore their highly individualistic, even maverick, habits and organized in the interests of more effective legislative action. The DSG, dating from the Fifties, was the precursor of numerous special-interest policy groups established in the House in the Sixties and Seventies to represent blacks, women, environmentalists, and farmers; conservative Republicans, noting their success, felt impelled to follow suit. By 1981 the RSC comprised 150 dues-paying Republican members and boasted an efficient staff, as well as a reputation for being the conservative conscience of the House of Representatives, where it opposes Democratic legislation and, very often, offers programs of its own.

Former Congressman Edward J. Derwinski, one of the founders of the group, explained: "A Republican Study Committee was not formed earlier because we Republicans were united [under President Johnson], largely tolerant dur-

ing the first Nixon Administration, the Democrats hadn't been radicalized by McGovern yet, and Nixon was just starting to take nonconservative positions." But Nixon, in his second term, succeeded in dividing the Republican Party in the House—most notably, perhaps, by his Family Assistance Plan and the Child Development Act—and by 1973 the organizers of the RSC found themselves plowing fertile ground. Although the group did not play a major role in the deliberations of the 93rd Congress, it did consider a number of important legislative issues, managing to consolidate a base for itself and to establish itself as the conservative presence in the House. If the RSC permitted conservative Republican congressmen to have a more immediate and coordinated impact on House activities, it also gave them a greater independence from the executive branch itself by allowing them to propose as well as to dispose.

IF, AS Feulner (an early leader of the caucus, now president of the Heritage Foundation) argues, the success of an organization is to be measured by its ability to weather turmoil, the RSC is eminently successful, having ridden out the so-called Watergate election of 1974, in which many of its members lost their seats. While expanding its membership to include about 80 per cent of the Republican members, it has avoided sacrificing its conservative principles. Yet, Feulner believes, if the RSC is to maintain its power and credibility it must guard its independence by standing up, when occasion demands, to both President Reagan and the Republican Party and avoid deals with the Democrats. "If," he writes, "the RSC shrinks from its duties, if it allows the executive branch to establish the entire legislative agenda, if it refuses to 'frame the issues' in a conservative manner by bowing to the ideological deviations in store, [it] will sink to an impotent posture," forswearing thereby its position in "the vanguard of the American political renewal of conservative values." □



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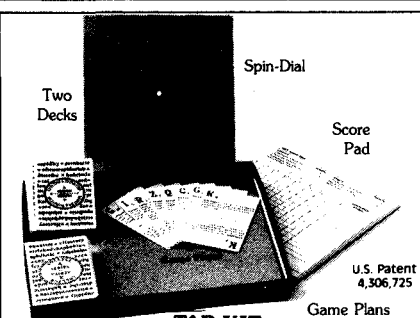
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[DONALD G.] SMITH:

It's Hard to Be Negative

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The Shock

On The Right

New York, Sept. 2—The shock has been instructive both to Americans and to Russians. On the scales on which crimes are abstractly measured, the figure of 269 people killed is negligible. If that were the total number of violent deaths caused by the Soviet empire on a single day, September 1, 1983 would go down as evidence of the greening of Communism. We do not have the figures and probably never will. But between midnight the last day in August, and midnight the first day in September, there were violent deaths effected in many parts of Russia and in other territory controlled by Communists. In Afghanistan. In Cuba. In El Salvador, Nicaragua, China, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia. How many times 269? Ten times? One hundred times?

But, and not without reason, this was the act of violence that inflamed the public imagination. It is worth asking why.

1. Most Americans have now experienced air flight. And many Americans have experienced air flight over foreign territory. The loneliness of flight is not entirely overwhelmed by the cabin movies, the drinks, the food, and the Gemütlichkeit of shoulder-to-shoulder life. Outside there is cold and blackness. And below there is, at 35,000 feet, a distance equal approximately to 28 times the height of the Empire State Building. To go suddenly from the safety of a serene flight through the air, to what happened to those 269 passengers, is to feel, empathically, what it would be like to be dropped into the sea from a height 28 times that of the Empire State Building.

2. The psychological imagination continues to agitate. The actor-dancer Gene Kelly once told me about his experience. It had been the maiden flight of our proud Boeing 707, westbound, London to New York: America's big entry into the jet age, England having failed when its Comet jets exploded mysteriously in the early Fifties. Both the captain and the co-pilot on that historic Pan American flight had ambled aft to chat with the passengers when it happened. The plane began a nose-dive toward the earth. Gene Kelly recalled that as the captain struggled to reach the cockpit—it was like climbing a vertical

pole, such was the g-pressure against which he was working, given the plane's diving posture—every passenger in that plane knew that death was moments away. But very long moments. Because, you see, it takes a long time even for a stone to drop 35,000 feet. There are two or three or four minutes of sheer torture. We do not know whether the Soviet missile exploded inside the Boeing 747. If it did, then mercifully the passengers were instantly dead. More likely, it did not; so that death came to them only several minutes later, when the mortally wounded airplane struck the Sea of Japan. In the case of the Pan American plane, the captain succeeded in reaching the cockpit and unscrambling the frozen auto-pilot only hundreds of feet before disaster. The experience, Gene Kelly reports, will wake those passengers up in the middle of the night for as long as they live.

3. Add to this that the passengers were as innocent as one can be of malevolent intent against the Soviet Union. Sure, Larry McDonald was on board, and he wished, as most thoughtful people do, for the earliest end to the vermin who preside from the Kremlin over the Soviets' vast and aggressive slave empire. But flying over the Sakhalin peninsula in an unarmed Boeing 747, Congressman McDonald was about as dangerous to the Soviet Union as Shirley Temple. Is it, therefore, the innocence of the passengers that has caused the international outcry? Well, it is a

factor, but hardly conclusive. To be innocent has never earned anybody immunity from Communist sadism. For every human being tortured and killed because he conspired against the Soviet state, there must be fifty whose crime consisted of the Soviet equivalent of double-parking.

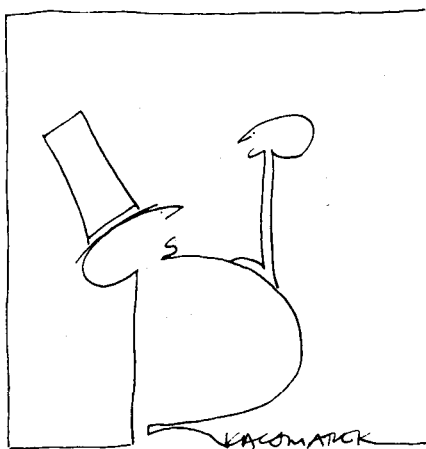
It was something that combined all these factors that has caused a wave of indignation almost unparalleled in recent years. When the Poles declared martial law and a country of forty million people found itself without the vestigial liberties it had been exercising, there was an outcry. But less passionate than this one. Because we learn from life what art teaches us. It is that, to use the fancy words of English professors, "we generalize by particularization." The awful death of 269 people in a single airplane reminds us more starkly than an old-fashioned purge of a million or so faceless men and women whose lives we never share, what it is like to be at the mercy of the new barbarians, who have hold of the electricity Lenin coveted. □

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

New York, Sept. 7—After the first flush of horror American leaders began asking themselves, What are we going to do about the kidnapping and execution of 269 passengers, including sixty Americans, one a congressman? Some of the relevant data:

1. From the beginning, there had been from Soviet officials nothing but a succession of lies. The Korean aircraft had not responded to signals, they said (false). The aircraft had not obeyed instructions (false). The aircraft was obstinately headed deeper and deeper into Soviet territory (false). The Soviet plane hadn't in fact knocked it down (false). If a Soviet plane had done so, it was not acting under instructions (false).

As late as 24 hours after the incident, Soviet citizens had not learned over their own radio and television that the plane had been knocked out. And to cap off a day of lies, the Soviet Union came up with the invention that no foreigners could use Soviet satellites for their usual network transmissions on



"YOU'RE CRAMPING MY STYLE."

Thursday night because they were overloaded. Oh yes, the Soviet ambassador in Japan said that the West was engaged in attempting to create anti-Soviet hysteria. He found it a little difficult to get through his line of reasoning, because at that point the Soviet Union was not even admitting that the aircraft had been downed.

2. A number of congressmen and senators were heard from, and the usual words were used, from awful to woeful. Senator Moynihan stood out, in part because when he gets on a head of belligerent steam, he fairly sizzles, and it is a joy to watch, particularly if you are not the object of his anger. What he said was that a) the United States should instantly summon the Security Council into emergency session; b) the President should reconvene Congress to decide on emergency action; c) the United States should sue before the World Court asking for maximum indemnity. "Pending"—he said, a note of caution entering in—"a truthful statement by the Kremlin of why it happened." Two Soviet specialists suggested that if indeed there are frontiers of the Soviet Union the crossing of which means instant attack by fighter planes, these frontiers should be advertised. And Harold Brown, former Secretary of Defense, who can be presumed to know about such matters, flatly declared that since the aircraft had been tracked over a period of two and one-half hours, it was simply inconceivable that the order to shoot it down emanated other than from the Kremlin.

3. One can assume that there is pressure on the Kremlin, by Western diplomats but also by Soviet insiders, to repudiate the act. The trouble here is that surrounding circumstances put Soviet officials in the position of a drunkard being asked to repudiate his liver. It is extremely difficult to do. It would have been blissful for them if they could have said that a hot-tempered pilot had lost hold of himself, that he is being sent to a rehabilitation center, that maximum efforts will be made to compensate the families of the victims.

BUT THAT is not the Soviet mode. When they get around to apologizing for actions taken by Soviet officials it is usually after many years have passed, and quite a few million have died, as when Khrushchev apologized for the excesses of Stalin, whose excesses Khrushchev zestfully assisted in during the thirty years he served Stalin. It is more likely that the Soviet Union will nestle some fiction or other about a mystery airplane which might have been carrying lethal cargo—that kind of thing. Leaving it to Mr. Reagan to take the initiative.

What should happen is what should have happened when martial law was declared in Poland. Total economic, social, and cultural ostracism of the Soviet Union. No trade, no cultural exchange, no nothing. But if that plane had been carrying the President of the United States, the Queen of England, the president of France, the prime ministers of West Germany, Japan, and Italy, plus Jackie Onassis and the Rolling Stones—we would not do that which should be done. Because the Western spirit is weak. If it hadn't been, the plane would not have been shot down in the first place. □

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BRAINY PARTY?

New York, Sept. 14—Years ago, Dean Acheson wrote a book called *A Democrat Looks at His Party*.

He looked at his party with some satisfaction because, he said, the fact of the matter was that his was "the party with brains." Republicans were know-nothings. The bright people of America clustered about the Democratic Party. The only reason for being glad that Dean Acheson has gone to his reward is that he is thus spared the humiliation of being asked what he thinks of his party today.

The contest among contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination is establishing two things. The first is that the spirit of George McGovern lives. The second is that primary contests are dominated by the party's ideological activists. It is they who turn out to vote, and it is they who condemn their candidates to such national humiliations as George McGovern suffered in 1972.

Consider the dilemma of John Glenn. Let us, if only to be charitable, proceed on the assumption that, as has happened to so many politicians, he is now an accomplished hypocrite. I say let us assume this, because there is nothing in his background to suggest that he is at heart a left-ideologue, one who—for instance—thinks he could make peace with the Soviet Union by telling the voters in New Hampshire that he wants peace and hates war. Let us assume, moreover, that although John Glenn has no serious background in the economics of a free society, he does not really believe that the animating passion of the Reagan Administration is to make the rich richer. Let us assume that his administrative assistants have told him that it is difficult to say about the rich that they pay no taxes when the figures show that last year the top 3 per cent of American money-makers paid 31 per cent of all the taxes.

But at the same time, John Glenn is advised that he cannot hope to over-

shadow Walter Mondale and Alan Cranston unless he looks his audience in the face and announces that if elected he will fly to Geneva to bring back peace in our time, and that he will raise taxes so as to take care of the unemployed—that unless he says this he will simply lose out among those ideologues whose voices in the Democratic primaries are the most alluring. Accordingly, Senator Glenn, who as an astronaut knew that in order to orbit the world, scientists and artisans needed to face practical problems, starts reciting the medicine men's incantations about the arms race, proceeds to vote against the MX, addresses women's conventions as though addressing male athletes, and talks to labor groups as if his was the party of Spartacus, longing to be freed from the slavemasters.

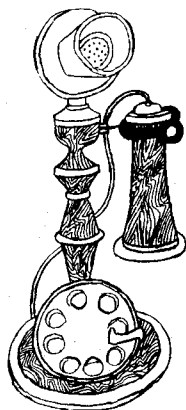
Now, it may work. There is no reason to predict that John Glenn will not be nominated. After all, McGovern beat Humphrey, and Humphrey was bad enough. But he is then saddled with positions that confront the intelligent resources of the voting public. These resources are by no means absolutely dependable—witchcraft in politics is still an efficacious commodity. Jesse Jackson, addressing the black communion, is capable of saying, and getting away with, anything at all, including that sixty million blacks died during the slave-trade years, when in fact the traffic between Africa and America totaled six hundred fifty thousand.

But these gentlemen will not have exclusive hold over the political theater. And Ronald Reagan is going to be there to say such things as penetrate instantly to the acquiescent intuitive intelligence. As that the Soviet Union has failed to make an appearance at the peace table that is consistent with any desire to lay down arms and go back to tilling the soil. The only intellectually admissible alternative to a policy of counter-defense is one of unilateral surrender. And that policy will get you the vote of William Sloane Coffin and George Kennan, but their disciples aren't much more numerous than those of Jim Jones, who also yearned for suicide.

Maybe Glenn thinks that, what the hell, it would be pleasant to have been the nominee, never mind that you will then go on to lose. But the Democratic Party is becoming, progressively, the party of exhausted clichés. How, at this speed, will it ever revive? Someone said the other day, brightly, that maybe the sensible thing for the Democratic Party to do would be to change its name. On the other hand, if the Democratic Party did something sensible, its current reputation would be ruined. □

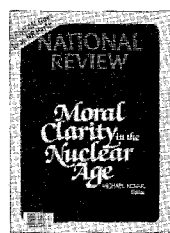
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KING

(Continued from page 1203)

warships with barges and pipes for dinner-party visitors and canvas-covered fantails and well-stocked officers' ward-rooms.

The *beau monde*, such as it still is, has a short attention span. It is hard enough to follow the highly repetitious intricacies of an America's Cup summer anyway; and this one, with its scores of trial series and blurring of contender definitions, all but obscured by the fumes of acrimony, has been baffling. Besides, the hordes of tourists make the town's narrow thoroughfares almost impassable. Resort life is often very hard work indeed, and the America's Cup, even the summer itself, can be left to be dealt with by others. "Newport," sighs a veteran, "is becoming a spring and fall place." □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1226)

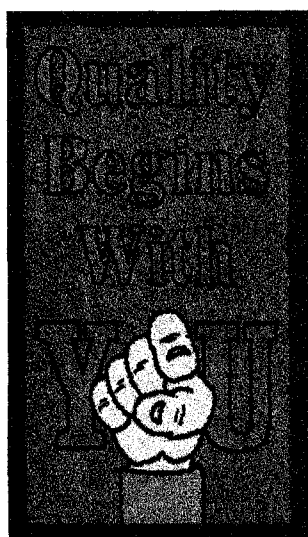
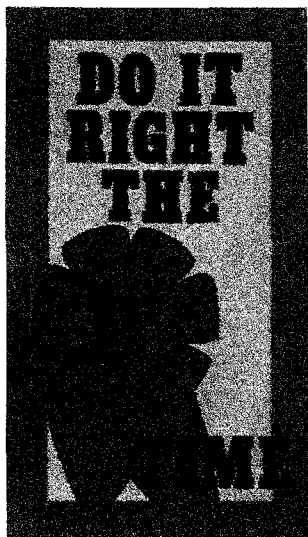
book is studded with statements dating from the early Church fathers right up to the recent popes' stressing the primary mission of the Church: to minister to man's spiritual dimension. In the words of John Paul II: "The first service that the Church must render to the cause of justice and peace is to call upon men to open up to Jesus Christ." What is needed is a lay letter addressed to the American bishops asking them to pay as much attention to Pope John Paul II as to Father Hehir. KEVIN LYNCH

AN EXPERIENCE OF WOMEN: *Pattern and Change in Nineteenth-Century Europe*, by Priscilla Robertson (Temple University, 673 pp., \$39.95, cloth; \$14.95, paper). Perhaps because this book is not polemically feminist, it has not got the attention it deserves. It is excellent sociological history: Priscilla Robertson, the author of *Revolutions of 1848: A Social History*, has written a vivid and complex story about the role of women from different classes in England, France, Germany, and Italy in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Robertson begins by examining the mores that determined the role of women: fettering customs, habits, and beliefs; governmental pressure and social restrictions; contracts, class divisions, sexual roles, marriage customs, the authority of the husband, hygienic problems. Beneath the differences among women's roles in the various countries examined, she discovers an underlying harsh uniformity. Then, in the second section of her book, Mrs. Robertson describes the achievements and

failures of rebels who sought to ameliorate the lot of women and arrive at a measure of equality. Mrs. Robertson is a balanced and thoughtful historian who has written a long-needed study of the origins of the feminist movement.

HERBERT A. KENNY

SOUTH-WATCHING, by Gerald W. Johnson, edited, with an introduction, by Fred Hobson (University of North Carolina, 207 pp., \$8.95). In 1920 H. L. Mencken wrote an essay entitled "The Sahara of the Bozart" that accused the South of artistic, intellectual, and cultural sterility. He called the land below the Mason-Dixon line "an awe-inspiring blank," a "gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate," a region with a "depressing lack of all civilized gesture and aspiration," a land where "free inquiry is blocked by the idiotic certainties of ignorant men." He continued, "It is, indeed, amazing to contemplate so vast a vacuity. One thinks of the interstellar spaces, of the colossal reaches of the now-mythical ether." Gerald W. Johnson, a North Carolina journalist, felt compelled to respond, and in 1928 produced an essay of his own, saying in part, "The South is not sterile. On the contrary, it is altogether too luxuriant. It is not the Sahara, but the Congo of the Bozart." Johnson became a protégé of Mencken, wrote for *The American Mercury*, and in 1925 quit the South for the Baltimore Sun papers. In *South-Watching*, Fred Hobson, a professor at the University of Alabama and author of *Serpent in Eden: H. L. Mencken and the South*, collects 22 of Johnson's essays on the region. Johnson, a Southern liberal who died in 1980, knew that for Southern culture to revive it would have to shed the bogus protectionism that had grown after Appomattox. This meant criticism, by a Southerner and from within. And so Johnson laid about him, smashing the Klan, the misty-eyed Lost Cause Agrarians, evangelists, journalists, and politicians. At the same time, he mounted a defense of cotton-mill owners, liberals, and educators. He described the job of rebuilding the South: "The theory that every honest man owes obedience to the law, respect to the courts, and support to the institutions of popular government has been challenged in the South; and the fight to re-establish it has been the main concern of the best minds of the section for two generations." And of course he analyzed race and Southern politics. Johnson was influenced by Southern economist Broadus Mitchell as well as by H. L. Mencken; he in turn influenced W. J. Cash, who perhaps had the last word, in the now-classic *The Mind of the South* (1941). With *South-Watching*, Mr. Hobson has done another thorough job of elaborating upon an important American literary footnote. JOE MYSAK



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By SVEND PETERSEN

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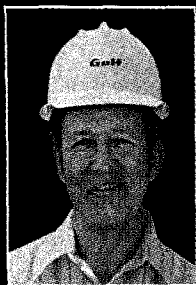
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E. A town near Diamond Point, Sumatra	128 82 14	R. A former New York City newspaper	124 168 72 114 99
F. Nimbleness	67 164 94 45 106 49 90	S. Gushing	135 100 155 36 7 140 93 130
G. A glass	26 92 68 3 125 24	T. To conjecture	151 115 1 6 160 15 157
H. First name of a U.S. President	167 147 69 96 4 143	U. Fall	111 150 16 154 62 28
I. To pronounce	21 44 57 66 74	V. To mark or record	146 132 116 73 105
J. The aspect of music comprising all the elements that relate to forward movement	87 98 46 138 134 149	W. A brittle candy	10 161 38 156 2 148
K. Where the Greek underground met	17 139 152 118 104	X. A baseball statistic	5 107 153 8 163 131
L. A very small quantity	43 122 33 63 112 50	Y. Becoming cowardly	169 108 162 117 59 78 30 18 54
M. Former name of Sovyetsk, USSR	58 64 32 35 53 121	Z. What foreigners speak English with	102 40 76 145 56 19
		a. That's nothing!	9 41 52
		b. With lance in hand	75 22 79 31 97

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1228 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 T	2 W	3 G	4 H	5 X	6 T	7 S		8 X	9 a		10 W	11 A	12 B		13 C
14 E	15 T	16 U	17 K	18 Y	19 Z		20 O	21 I	22 b	23 D	24 G	25 P		26 G	27 Q	28 U
	29 A	30 Y	31 b	32 M		33 L	34 O		35 M	36 S	37 O	38 W	39 B	40 Z	41 a	42 A
43 L	44 I	45 F	46 J		47 B	48 D	49 F	50 L	51 C	52 a	53 M	54 Y	55 O	56 Z	57 I	
58 M	59 Y		60 O	61 N	62 U	63 L	64 M	65 P	66 I		67 F	68 G	69 H	70 P	71 O	72 R
73 V	74 I	75 b	76 Z	77 C		78 Y	79 b	80 B	81 D		82 E	83 P	84 A	85 C	86 D	87 J
88 N	89 B	90 F		91 N	92 G	93 S	94 F	95 A	96 H		97 b	98 J	99 R		100S	101N
102Z	103C	104K	105V	106F	107X	108Y		109A	110P		111U	112L	113N		114R	115T
116V		117Y	118K	119B	120N	121M	122L	123C	124R		125G	126P	127Q	128E	129A	130S
	131X	132V		133B	134J	135S		136P	137Q	138J		139K	140S	141D	142N	
143H	144B	145Z	146V		147H	148W		149J	150U	151T	152K		153X	154U	155S	156W
157T	158Q		159Q	160T	161W	162Y	163X		164F	165Q	166A	167H	168R	169Y		



"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John

Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones."

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fire-flooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the coun-

try, with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.



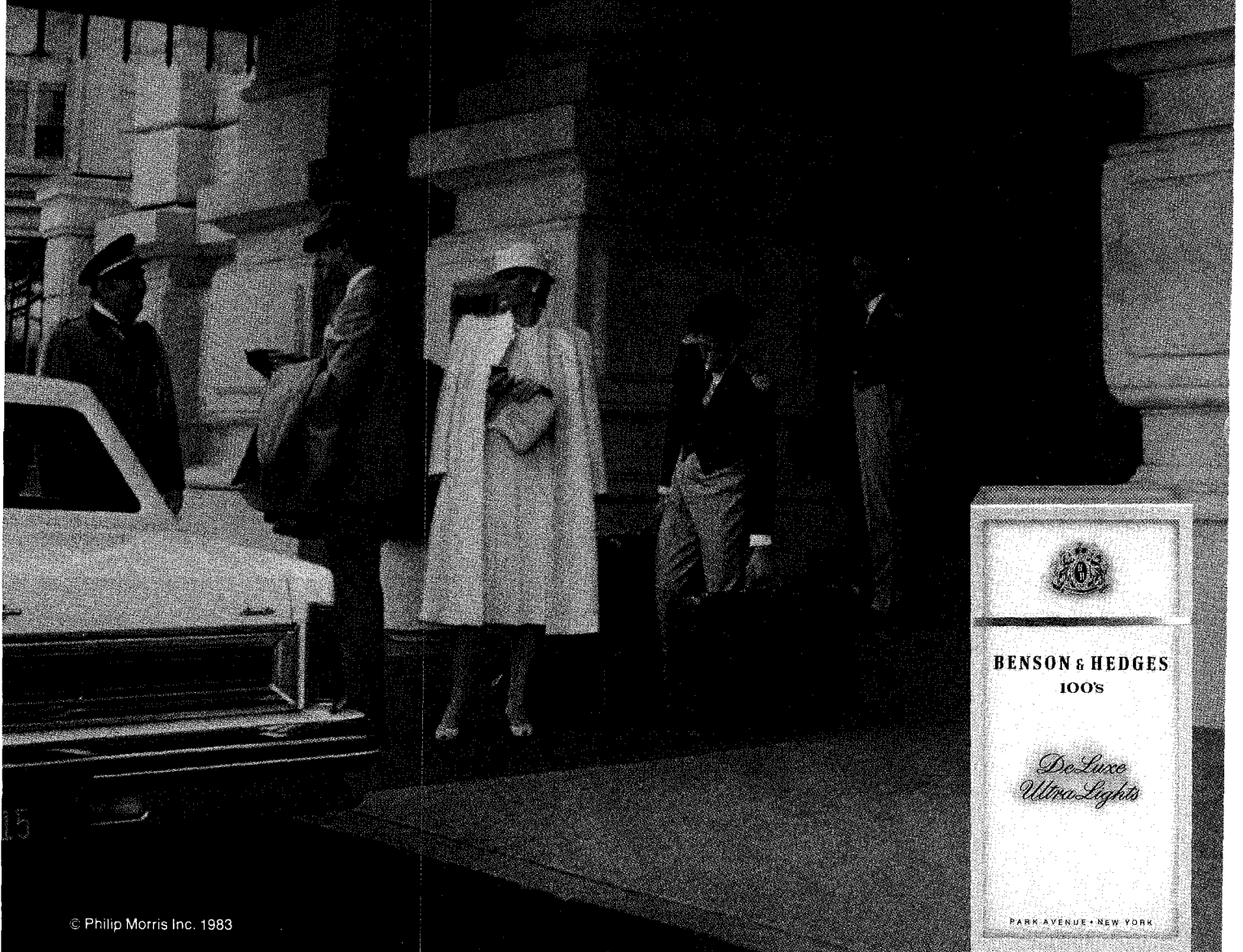
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energy for tomorrow.**

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"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."

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